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Poetry.

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TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school house playground, which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom, barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But Rachel's step upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse has altered some—the benches are replaced
By new ones very few are left of those same old pen-knives
That carved your name and mine, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath the same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—you've played the same with me—
In that same spot, 'twas played with knives, by driving wood so,
The loser had a task to do—there twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows on
Are looking (but they were, Tom, the stream appears less wide;)
But the rope for swinging is ruined now, where hands
Have swung the sweethearts, pretty girls, just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started slow,
To see how much I've changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
And added mine the same; you did the same,
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,
'Twas done sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes
I thought of all I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid—some sleep beneath the sea,
But few remain of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope we'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

"THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE."

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Sways him from the cradle hand,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious convolve,
Old Plato's mighty mind,
Unraveling knotty problems,
His native force man finds;
Yet all his "ics" and "isms"
Can ne'er be learned or hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Stanch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the legion dying,
With the colors in his hand,
Have you not cause to ponder,
When this banner is unfurled:
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The wonders of the ages
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Our Story Teller.

RAINY DAYS;

And How to Meet Them,

CHAPTER V.

DARK CLOUDS.

And now came days of greater sorrow for the Holmeses than any they had known. The pressure of the times and want of work was hard. Francis felt it could not be much worse, and that he must make up his mind to go to Boxford; but to take Minnie there was to leave that day she faded more perceptibly, and drooped like a broken lily-flower, how could he do it? The necessity for her mother's attendance on her now became obvious, so that her little help earned by washing was no longer available. Frank's well-doing at Leyton, while the good Mrs. Counis Miss Somerville gave of him, was the one bright spot; but unless the very last ten pounds of savings had been touched, the Holmeses found it necessary —not to pawn, that they would still avoid—but to sell some little articles of their furniture which they could best do without. No one knew of this; they made no complaints, though many were the pangs endured, which none but God knew. At last, one bright June morning, Francis said simply: "Rachel, I must go to Boxford and send you my wages; if we spend every shilling we have, with no more coming in, we could not remove at last, or be driven to do as the Brices did, sell off everything; and we couldn't perhaps afford to—to—" His wife understood him as he made an upward glance at his child, who lay in uneasy sleep, her head leaning against her mother's shoulder. He meant they would not be able to afford to lay her with decent burial in the churchyard, where a baby sister already slept; for both Francis and his wife knew more than mortal thing is going to leave them. They knew it, and though faith and trust were yet strong in their humble, simple hearts, they were sometimes ready to cry, "We will bear all things Thou canst send, only leave us our Minnie." But God knows best, and Minnie must go.

Sick heart, Francis Holmes again left Kentmere. A bright summer day it was, but a cloud rested on the poor father, as in the early morning he set out to walk the 25 miles to Boxford. The sun had not long risen; the dew was shining on the fresh young leaves, and early birds were singing their morning song—he passed along the lane where he and Rachel had walked so often when her father left her—it was better it should be so. Only the faithful wife was stirring, and had a little humble breakfast set out for him, all neat and tidy, as in their more prosperous days. At parting she put into his hands a few shillings—ten shillings in gold and six in silver.

"Take this, dear," she said; "I'm afraid of your working hard without proper food. Pray do live well yourself, or think what it will be for all of us. Try to get a little bit of meat every day—there's nourishment in that."

"No, no, Ellen, I can't take the money; you want every penny here, I am sure. I have got enough to last me for a week—I have, indeed; beside, where did this come from?"

"It is mine, Francis, and so it's yours; don't ask any more questions; now, good-bye, and God bless you." So he left her, a smile struggling with the tears which fell when her husband was fairly gone, fell in showers.

Ah, good Ellen Holmes! that money was the price of a shawl which had once belonged to her mother, and from which, as a remembrance of early days, it was hard to part.

"It was a old-fashioned," the clerk's wife said, who had bought it; "very old-fashioned; but still it were soft and warm, and would be nice to wear in chilly weather in the house." And so the fifteen shillings were given for it, and thirteen of these are now in Francis Holmes's pocket as he walks steadily onward toward Boxford. Dear reader! if Francis had stopped at every public house on his way—if he had been what is called only a moderate drinker, and refreshed himself five or six times during that long walk over ocer, how much of the money would have been left at the close of the day? A good dinner, bacon and bread for eightpence, at what was known as the "half-way house" between Kentmere and Boxford, and a draught of pure, life-giving water from one of the many springs which cut along the roadside in the country through which his path lay, with now and then a rest on a green, sunny bank, and Francis Holmes reach Boxford at last far more sober and wiser than William Brice had been with his family a few weeks before.

On his arrival, at 3 o'clock, at Boxford, Francis went at once to the counting house of the large mills, and with a sinking trembling heart waited for an answer to the question, "Was a good hand wanted?" Surely now the chance were lost—suppose if he were too late; for the emigration from Kentmere had nearly emptied the place in the last month or two of the hands turned off from Pearson's silk mills. And he knew many had found employment in Boxford. The foreman loved Francis keenly. He remembered his previous application, and scanned the honest face with a penetrating look.

"From Kentmere?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You have been trying to do better all these weeks, my man, and have failed, and so you come back to us, eh? Work and wages are not so plentiful as you supposed when you turned away from eighteen shillings a week."

Poor Francis could only reply, "I shall be very thankful for work now, sir."

"Your name is——?"

"Francis Holmes."

The foreman opened a book and read over a list of names quickly, it had been supplied by the late manager of Pearson's Mills. Against Francis Holmes's name was written, "Honest, steady, sober, and a good hand."

"Enough!" said the foreman; "some of these characters have proved right, some wrong. Well, you are tired, you can come to-morrow. Some of your townspeople can drink, if they cannot work; but I don't believe you are one." "No, sir, thank God," said Francis; "for seven years I've tasted nothing stronger than water." "Oh, well, that's your concern, not mine; you seem to thrive on it; but I'm for moderation, and not for teetotalism. Good evening." No more was known of Francis Holmes's history for the next few months. Once or twice, as he nearly stumbled over a man issuing from a small door of the building, for the bell for closing the factory was just ringing. This man had once been a moderate drinker, and he once answered to that description noted against him, too, in the foreman's book—"William Brice, sober, steady, a good hand, head workman, and foreman in his branch, at forty shillings per week." Alas! one glance at his countenance showed that poor William was not a moderate drinker now. His face was sallow, his eye bright but weak, his step uncertain, his voice thick and husky and thick.

"So, you've come at last. I thought you'd be driven to it," was his greeting to his old neighbor, as Frances Holmes went quickly up to him, glad to see a familiar face in that strange land.

"Wife and children come, too?" he continued; "turn in here with me awhile; we'll have a glass and talk it over." And he walked up the entrance of a little inn, with red and white checks on the shutters, and a sign of an evil-looking negro swinging above, which intimated that the inn was "The Black Boy."

This little public-house was one of three which were driving trade, lying in the daily paths of the men and women employed in Bell's Silk Mills in their way to and from work. Alas! alas! how great was the temptation to those who had ever indulged in strong drink!—how few had the high principle to resist it, in connection with the many who yielded! How many shillings were taken from the weekly wages, and how many children and wives pined away in their close, unwholesome homes, in consequence.

But Francis Holmes had no temptation to accept the offer made him. From long established habit, even the smell of beer and brandy was distasteful to him; so he only said, "No, I thank you; but I would be very much obliged to you to tell me where I can put up to-night—you know the place by this time."

"Ah, well!" said William, reluctantly, "I forgot you were a teetotal saint, Holmes; but I'll show you a lodging, and perhaps Rachel will find you a bit of something or other, and there may be a room to let in the same house we live in. It's a very uncomfortable place; but what is a man to do with a wife and children tied to his?"

"I only want a room for myself," said Francis; "but I shall be glad to step in and see Mrs. Brice—my wife will be pleased to hear about her and the children."

They had not so far to go. Brice stumbled up the stairs, and opening the door of the room, called to his wife, "I've brought you a lodger, Lucy."

She was in the bedroom, with two of the children, and said fretfully, "Visitors, indeed! what do I want with visitors?" But when she came out and saw Francis Holmes's honest, kindly face, Rachel's heart was melted; and, seizing his hand, she said, "How are you? I'm glad to see you."

"Well, get a little supper ready," said the husband, "and make haste. A man that has tramped from Kentmere since the morning, must want something to eat if not to drink."

"It's very fine to talk of getting supper ready," said Rachel, bitterly; "you know well enough you must hand over the money first, if you've any in your pocket that's left from 'The Black Boy.'" So bitterly the poor wife spoke, and Francis Holmes feeling very uncomfortable, as a third person always does when a husband and wife have words, said, "I had my dinner on the way, thank you, Mrs. Brice—don't you trouble about me; but perhaps you can tell me of a decent lodging—I like that better than going to a public house."

As Francis said this, he had taken poor little Bobbie on his knee, and was inviting Fanny, by kind looks, to come and speak to him; while, after more harsh words passing between Rachel and her husband, the latter flung down a couple of shillings on the table, and then went out of the room, banging the door after him. "That is how it is, day after day, Mr. Holmes; it's no use my trying to hide it. I am a miserable woman, and often wish I was dead."

As poor Rachel said this, she sank down crying in a chair—all her pride gone, and looking like (what she was) a broken-hearted woman. Frances was rather slow of speech; he wished his wife were there; he wished he had not accepted William's invitation to look in on his old neighbors; he wished he could say something to comfort the poor weeping woman, but he could not, his throat was too thick.

At last he took a shilling out of his pocket—one of his Ellen's—and said, "Mrs. Brice, I am sure you won't be offended at my paying for my supper; these are hard times with us all." Rachel now roused herself, and soon dispatched poor little Susan, who looked. Francis thought, years older since he had seen her last, to a store close by in the same street, the child carrying a big basket on her arm and nodding assent to all her mother's directions, which ended with a quart of beer from "The Hare and Hounds." "Come back soon with the basket first, though, child, and look sharp."

Away trotted poor little eight-year old Susan on her mission; and then her mother snatched up Bobbie, and soon hustled him into bed in the inner room, while she bribed him to be quiet by the assurance that he should have "something to sup" if he was good. The child next Susan in age was taken, as an act of charity, by her grandfather, who lived a few miles on the other side of Boxford. Mrs. Brice said they had taken her on condition they asked for no more money.

"They are very stingy," Rachel said, "for they are well to do in the world." But possibly the grandfather had right on his side—thinking that to clothe and feed a child was a more substantial act of charity than to send driblets of money to people, who, as he expressed it, "muddled it away in bad management and drink, as his daughter and son-in-law did."

The supper was all ready at last; and Francis Holmes's heart ached as he saw the eager, half-famished manner in which the food was attacked by the little ones, with dirty, unwashed fingers, and untidy hair straggling over their faces. No mention was made of waiting for "father," and, indeed, it would have been useless, for the summer twilight waned into darkness, and he did not come.

At last, the remnants of food were heaped up, and the plates and dishes with them, in a cupboard; and Susan and Kitty were ordered off to bed, while their mother told Francis she would go and inquire if he couldn't have a bed-room at the top of the house—the floor above them—"The sleeper, the better, I suppose, Mr. Holmes; and I know there was a room there to let, yesterday." It was to let now, and poor Francis after carried up his little bundle and took possession, thinking of his dear children at home, and their loving, tender mother, and thanking God that, in the midst of poverty and sickness—touching the child who was as the apple of his eye—he could yet do as she told him, and trust and not be afraid.

Tired and weary, Francis soon fell asleep on his comfortable bed; but he was awakened just as the church clocks near were striking twelve, by sounds of angry talking in the room beneath him, and sitting upright to listen, he recognized the voices of William and Rachel Brice. William had come home, as he did five nights out of the seven, excited with drink, if not absolutely mad, and was mad, as usual, by reproaches and tears from his wife.

But why linger on scenes like these? they are, alas! too common. How is it that men in trouble like William Brice, turn to drink for comfort, as they would say? Comfort what sweet delusion can there be? And when it is remembered that it is often the moderate drinkers—men who have only taken their beer at dinner, their single glass of brandy after supper for years, who, in time of poverty and want, find the temptation to exceed utterly irresistible, it may be worth while to exercise self-denial in days of prosperity, and try resolutely to test the truth of the maxim, "Water is best."

The strongest safeguard against this temptation, as against every other—nay, the only safeguard, is a real, living, though it may be a humble and simple faith. In this case of two families suffering under the same trial, I have tried to show that the one with outward things seemingly more against them the other, were kept by the hand of Him whose they were, and whom they did desire to serve; and in their sorrows they could feel the love of God, who chasteneth for our profit, and could accept the discipline with sorrowful, but yet meek and submissive hearts.

CHAPTER VI.

MINNIE'S FAREWELL.

For six weeks Francis Holmes worked daily at the silk mills, and lodged in the same house with the Brices. Every Saturday evening a letter to his wife was duly posted, containing stamps for the sum which out of his low wages he was able to send her; and every Tuesday he got a reply from Ellen, thanking him for it with loving gratitude, and trying to give as bright a picture of her home-life as she could. "Minnie was no worse," she said in every letter; sometimes even she thought she was a little better, for she could sit and work again; and when not doing that, would be always reading in the Bible. But writing was an effort to Ellen Holmes, and she longed to be able to say more to her husband, and felt the separation from him keenly. He felt it no less, and the yearning for home voices grew stronger and stronger in the midst of all the sights and sounds of the busy town where he lived. He was so much hurt, too, to see William Brice's increasing degradation, to poor neglected children, to unhappy, miserable wife. Once or twice he tried to remonstrate, once or twice he even thought he had made some impression, but it passed away again, if ever it existed, and things went on as before.

It was an unusually hot summer, and the heat and closeness of the city, and the very scanty proportion of food which Francis allowed himself began to tell upon his appearance. One day he came home from work faint and weary, and although it was the middle of the week, and not a time for the home letter, one waited for him, with Ellen's hand upon the envelope. He opened it tremblingly, as he took it from little Susan Brice. As is so often the case in this world, the feelings which the letter awakened were mixed.

"Dear Francis," it began, "a gentleman has bought the Silk Mills, and they do say they will be working in another month. Thank God! But, dear Francis, I think our Minnie is weaker; she's so faint with the heat. She's asked the question in her way three times this day, 'When will father come?' So can you come Saturday till Monday, dear? Take the train to Middleton; don't you try to walk, this weather. From your loving wife, ELLEN HOLMES."

"What have you got bad news, Mr. Holmes?" asked Rachel Brice, as poor Francis leaned against the door, wiping his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief and gasping rather than sighing "Sit down," she continued, pushing a chair towards him.

"Why," Francis began, "there's good news about the Kentmere Silk Mills, Mrs. Brice; they are bought by a gentleman, and will be working again before long."

"You don't say so? But there, it don't make much difference to us, for we have no money to take us back, and I don't know how long William will keep his present place, going on as he does, let alone getting a new one."

"But," said Francis, scarcely hearing or heeding this speech, "my child is worse—I must be off on Saturday afternoon or Sunday. I shall have to come back though, I am afraid."

"Which child is it?" asked Mrs. Brice.

"My Minnie. She that's deaf and dumb," said the father, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well, as she's so afflicted, Mr. Holmes, you may count it a mercy if she is soon taken; you must find her burdensome at times."

Poor Francis turned away and wasted no words on this speech. Burdensome! His sweet Minnie, his heaven-taught child, his silent comforter. Mrs. Brice's heart was sore and troubled, or she would not have spoken thus. Mothers know. All they know is that if God's hand had been laid on a child, that child has the deepest and tenderest place in the parent's heart.

Saturday evening found Francis nearing home once more. The three or four-mile walk from the Pendleton Station revived him. It was a glorious sunset. Crimson and purple clouds, edged with gold, were lying heaped together in the west, while above a sky of deepest blue hung like a covering of love. How fresh and sweet it all seemed to the poor worker, as he walked along. His step was less firm than it had been, and his face worn and pinched. But home was near, and the prospect of work before him and bread for his children, without shutting them up in the close streets of Boxford, and seeing them pine for the free fields, and look as forlorn and dirty as the poor Brices did. But no, with his Ellen for their mother, they would not come to that, he well knew; and he felt a throb of loving pride in her, as he drew nearer and nearer to his loving home.

If only Minnie were better! Surely God would spare the child to him. And the father's heart went over her gentle patience, her loving tenderness for him. He remembered her as his first-born. Merry, laughing, and glad, till the fever laid her low, and then the three or four years of sad helplessness which followed. Then came Miss Somerville, and Francis recalled how wonderful he had thought it to see his child's mind opening under the care and teaching of this their best earthly friend. How happy and proud he had been to learn the signs of communication with her; how through these signs he had learned what Minnie's heart had embraced from the first, "Trust in God, love to Jesus, and seeking the guidance of the Holy Spirit." He pictured his child's fingers busy at her needlework, with the Bible at her side, over the large clear print of which her eyes would every now and then wander.

He only remembered how during that illness, when the doctors gave him so much stimulating drink, and when he had recovered he began to feel a craving and longing for it, his eye had fallen on the open page of God's Book, as Minnie's little fingers slowly traced the words, "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

He remembered how he thought, "What if the devil is to catch me by this drink, which makes me hot and cross, to say the least of it, and may lead me to things I shrink from now?" and how he had put up a prayer, as he sat by his deaf and dumb child's side, that he might be sober from that day forward, and touch no more that which was becoming a temptation to him. Then, how Ellen had gone with him in that also; how they had made the resolute trial of water for themselves and their children, and had blessed God they had done so many a time since.

But now Francis turns up the familiar High street of quiet old Kentmere, enters the court where his house is situated, walks up to the door. His heart beat fast. He was weak and weary, and the silence in the room struck him. At last he lifts the latch. Nelly sits in Minnie's chair with her baby brother in her arms. Frank is cutting a stick by the window, Kitty is on a stool by her sister's side nursing an armless wooden doll, and imitating Nelly's rocking motion with the baby! The children started up, but Francis saw Nelly's face bore traces of crying. "Where's mother?" he asked as he kissed them all. "Upstairs," said Nelly, "with Minnie. She told us to stay here, but she has been such a long time."

Francis was about to ascend the stairs without another word, when his wife came down. She threw her arms round him, and burst into tears. He went slowly up stairs into the little bedroom, with its lattice window wide open, and the soft summer breezes coming in laden with the scent of the lime-trees in full blossom, which grew in a graceful row near the church not far distant. Far away was seen a line of hills, purple in the fading light, and the shining track of the little Kent as it wound like a silver thread through fields and meadows. Minnie lay with her eyes closed. One look, and her father saw she was dying. He fell down on his knees by her side and groaned. There was no fear of disturbing his child by any sound. Miss Somerville was present, but Francis did not heed her. One thought was this: "Would Minnie ever know he had come home?"

Yes, for soon the white lids quivered, and the child's blue eyes opened. Instantly a smile broke over her face, and she signalled to her father to kiss her. Then the little slender fingers sought his as of old and she feebly tried to give the accounted signs. He knew the touch so well he could understand them, weak as they were. "I am going to Jesus, father. I shall wait for you there. I shall sing there, and hear the angels sing—don't be sorry—don't be sorry," and then the hands relaxed their hold, and not long after, in the quiet and stillness of the room, the spirit of the deaf and dumb child passed away, and the first sounds that broke the silence were the mother's words, as she laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, "We'll try to say, 'Thy will be done,' Francis; she hears the angels singing now; and oh! Francis, she's singing herself—think of that." But the father had fallen prostrate on the floor, and a long fainting fit, brought on by pure bodily exhaustion as well as mental grief, turned all thoughts for the present to him.

For several weeks Ellen Holmes's cup of sorrow seemed to overflow; her husband was very sick. The doctor said he had been working hard without proper food, and this, with the close atmosphere of Boxford, and the heat of the weather, had undermined his health. But God did not forsake the Holmeses; though by little by little the very last farthing of savings ebbed away. Kind hearts were moved for them through Miss Somerville's appeal, and money was offered them as a loan—for to offer it as a gift they knew would hurt the honest sense of independence of these good people.

By the middle of September, when the Silk Mills were once more set going, and the welcome sound of the bell to summon and dismiss the workmen was heard again Kentmere, Francis was amongst those who took his place there, and that for better wages than he had ever before received. The mill was taken by a son of the owner of the large Boxford concern, and many of the men were drafted back again—not all—for young Mr. Bell was a lover of temperance and sobriety, and likely to prove a good master, looking after the comforts of his "hands," as masters should. So he had bargained that he should try to start off with those whose characters stood high for soberness, and William Brice was not one of these. His hand had got increasingly unsteady, his absence from the mill for a day at a time of more frequent occurrence, and his clever, quickest and sharpest hands we have when he is sober," thought the manager as he looked over the list; "but I won't send him to Kentmere, anyhow."

Alas! we must leave the Brices with this verdict; we cannot follow them further now; the very picture of the home where that drink will do for sharp and clever workmen. Would that the Brices were a more uncommon instance than we fear it is!

The Holmeses had so long practiced thrift and care in the bringing up of their family, that they were in a comparatively short time able to repay the friends who had helped them, and set up once more a fund of savings. "For rainy days may come again," Ellen said, "and we mustn't forget that." In a year's time, Francis rose to a much higher position in the mill, and stood well, too, in the opinion of his master, who was a practical workingman himself, and under whose care the business soon far exceeded the best days when Mr. Pearson had possession of it. Mr. Bell established a pleasant room for his men's evening recreation in winter, where lectures on useful subjects were given, books lent, and readings from good authors given.

As regards temperance, the influence of the master told with the men, and it soon became known throughout the neighborhood, that no set of people were more sober and steady-going than the hands in Bell's silk mills. In all movements of this sort, Francis Holmes was his master's firm supporter; and example here had effect, where precept would have failed. The Holmeses were known by many, and the popular voice of Kentmere voted the whole family a credit to the place.

They removed in time to a larger house, still a cottage in country, and on rue evenings, four or five years after that summer which brought with it such a time of trial and sorrow, Francis Holmes might be seen in the fields with another little Minnie, named in loving remembrance of the deaf and dumb child waiting for him in heaven. She was a very happy, gleeful little one, all baby talk and smiles, and merriment; but her father and mother often said to each other, "There is a look in her blue-eyes of our first-born child—our Minnie—our silent comforter." And the parents had no better wish for her, than that she should grow up God's good child, where Minnie's silent example had pointed the way, to the mansions of her heavenly Father's house, where she would sing the new song of love forever, and hear the eternal notes of praise and thanksgiving to him who hath redeemed us to God by His blood, from all nations, and kindred, and tongues, and people.

(THE END.)

English Cars.

Henry Ward Beecher, speaking of railroad travel in England, says:

The railroads themselves, their bridges, their stations, are incomparably better than ours. They seem as if built for eternity. But there it ends. The cars are short, so that they have but six wheels, two here, two there, and two beyond, and one is curiously, of necessity, always on a grinding iron wheel. Then they oscillate so that they almost always make one seasick, and always give a feeling of nausea. My test consists in conversation and reading, and I found that in the one I had to raise my voice, and in the other my eyes became tired, and it was impossible for me to read with any degree of comfort. Now here I do both with perfect ease. My eyes are strong and I am well, but I could neither talk nor read in the English cars. American cars would be very much better. There are a few palace cars over there, but are not popular as yet, and there is but a faint beginning of hope of comfort for the engineers and stokers. For a long time they have been compelled to do their arduous work, exposed to the elements, and even now they have nothing but a glass frame over them, open in front, affording a most imperfect protection against the moist, cold, chilly climate, so they bundle up like so many mummies.

The Birthplace of Abraham.

Not far from Aleppo is situated the little town of Orfah (the ancient Ur of the Chaldees), which is of great historical interest, it having been the birthplace of the patriarch Abraham. There are few Jews in the place, but the Arabs still point out a small building, lying outside the town, which they declare to be the house wherein Abraham first saw the light, and which they therefore term Beit El-Chalil (the house of the friend of God). It is most improbable that the actual house should have stood for thousands of years, but the building in question is of great antiquity. By its present owner, an Arab peasant, as well as the Arabs generally, it is held in the utmost veneration, the more so since it is feared that within a few years it will fall to the ground.

Questions to a Prohibitionist.

One of our sharp Republicans recently encountered a Prohibitionist and wished to ask him three questions, if he was willing to answer categorically. The latter assenting, he continued: Rep.—"I wish to ask you if the third party has ever done anything for the cause of temperance in Connecticut?" Pro. (after some hesitation as to opportunity)—"No." Rep.—"Have the Democrats ever done anything for the cause of temperance?" Pro.—"No; not as a party, no." Rep.—"Has anything ever been done for the cause of temperance in Connecticut?" Pro.—"Oh, yes." Rep.—"That is all."—*Norwich (Ct.) Bulletin.*

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

NO. III.

THE HOME OF THE STATESMAN.

The Place Du Tron is a large square on the east side of the city, in the quarter inhabited by the people who are most dreaded by the government. They are always in favor of the next government and are never well disposed toward the one they have. They will erect a monarchy with great cheerfulness and zeal, and then immediately conspire against it. The conspiracy ends in an insurrection, the beheading of the king and such of the nobility as they can get their hands upon, and a great many declarations as to the universal brotherhood of man and the immutable truth of the idea of self-government.

But the king is hardly cold in his tomb before they tire of the republic, and conspire against it. Then an insurrection is organized against the republic and it is followed by offering a throne to whoever of the late royal family, has audacity enough to put himself forward for the dangerous honor, and they endure him for a time.

It is not true that revolutions do actually follow each other with this rapidity, but they would, could these mercurial capwearers have their own sweet will. For mind you, down in this quarter of the city every man is a statesman, and a statesman in France, as to a less extent in other countries, means a man who perpetually yearns for something else. If he cannot suggest some way of bettering the universe in what is he superior to his fellows? And so, no matter how well off he may be, he lays awake nights devising ways and means for change. His mind is constantly fermenting, like a barrel of kraut. In any wine-shop you shall hear in any one hour schemes enough for governments to supply the whole world.

The present republic has had a long lease of life and may be well enough established to maintain itself for some years yet, but it is only by very careful watching the people who live in this quarter of the city, and keeping them very busy. The moment the Parisian is not amused or is in trouble he commences an assault upon the government, no matter what it may be.

GINGERBREAD FAIR.

The city gives the people of the faubourg a fete, commencing with Easter and continuing a month, known officially as the *Fete du Trone*. For one whole month the great square is divorced entirely from the ordinary business of life, and turned over to illegitimate business and whimsical amusement. Booths are erected all over its surface, the space to each occupant being alloted by the authorities, for which a small rental is exacted. The fete is popularly known as "the Gingerbread Fete." Every booth, no matter what other goods may be exposed for sale, has gingerbread very conspicuously displayed, the regular old-fashioned gingerbread, made of flour and sweetened with molasses, some of it baked in great slabs and creased so as to be cut up conveniently in sections to accommodate any purse. But following Yankee "ginral trainin' day" example, it is not always in the regular slab form, but is made in every conceivable shape and fancy. It appears as soldiers with moustaches, musket, belt, knapsack and all, it appears to you as elephants, as bulls, horses, vivandieres, ships, boats, everything, the children esteeming the same quantity much more highly if carved into some fantastic shape than as though it came to them in plain, honest square sections.

There are booths whose wares are, aside from gingerbread, confectionery with much gilt wrapper to a very little confectionery, very like the French woman on the boulevard who, by the aid of bandoline pomatum and liberal use of cosmetics is plump and well-conditioned, but when the wraps are removed! As with French women so with the confectionery. There are booths devoted to various drinks all more or less of the sweet, cordial kind, which the Frenchman drinks with gusto, but which would turn the stomach of a Western man who esteems no fluid worth consideration that does not bite as it goes down, and warm after it is done. In short there are booths devoted to the sale of everything, calculated to delight the fancy as well as of articles of general utility, although the goods exposed are, as a rule, those of fancy merely, and those which bear a very high profit, the first cost being ridiculously out of proportion to the selling price.

THE SMALL GAMBLER.

The why of this general exposition of fancy goods is susceptible of easy explanation. The goods are not sold directly at all—they are gambled for. Every booth has a variety of machines of chance. At one you spin a top on a table on which are twenty pins set upright. You pay two cents for a spin and if the top in its gyrations knocks down thirteen pins you are entitled to a choice of articles in lot No. 1; if sixteen, in lot No. 2; and if you capture them all, in lot No. 3. The value of any article in lot No. 1 is not two cents, save and except a few in lot No. 3, which no one ever reaches.

Now no French woman would deliberately pay two cents for a little glass vase, the first cost of which is infinitesimal, but what she can gamble for it, and has a chance to win a vase that is worth 10 cents which she likewise would not give 2 cents for in a cold-blooded purchase, she pays her 2 cents, or makes her lover do it for her, and spins the top cheerfully. She may win in lot 1, and receive her vase, or egg cup, or whatever she chooses, and then the square becomes normal again, a busy place of legitimate amusement. One is reminded upon the game and she keeps it up till her indulgent lover has invested all the copper coin he can afford in unusable glass vases, and they quit.

It is noticeable that lovers hold out longer at this one-sided game than husbands. The husband has authority—the lover has none. The one controls the lover's purse, and will till she come to be a wife, then she will not—so much.

Other booths have immense boards set up studded with knives and all sorts of cutlery stuck therein. You pay two cents for the use of twenty small iron rings and you take the privilege of tossing them at the board, and whatever the ring covers becomes your property. As the space between the articles is about ten times as wide as the article itself, the chances of getting a prize are very small indeed. No one was ever known to ring anything, but customers are plenty nevertheless, and the boards do a thriving business.

There are hundreds of these devices for extracting money from the pockets of those bent upon getting something for next to nothing, and the proprietors make money, not large amounts, but enough to satisfy them. It doesn't take much to make a French hawker of this class rich.

THE SHOWS.

The shows on the place are wonderful in number and variety. The merry-go-rounds are the most elaborate of any on the continent. They are immensely large and many of them propelled by steam. No pains is spared in colored glass decorations and as they move very rapidly they present a brilliant appearance under the strong light. Many of them actually rise above the hand-organ for music, and the riders of the wooden horses and the ships actually accomplish their four minutes of motion to the pleasings of a brass band, not a very good brass band, for there is a large proportion of drum to the brass, but still a brass band, which plays several pieces.

They have on the grounds a circular railway, with actual cars, drawn by an actual locomotive, with an actual whistle. For two cents you have a seat in these miniature cars and you go around the circle at a speed that seems very rapid. The same sort of track is fitted up with velocipedes, which have the advantage over the regular velocipids of not upsetting and bruising the rider's nose, and as they are propelled by horse-power there is no labor at the crank of the wheel. They offer you swings of the regular orthodox pattern and those circular affairs fitted up like balloons, and ten thousand other forms of motion which humanity everywhere seems fond of, when humanity has to pay for it. They are all crowded from early in the morning till late at night and great is the hilarity they evolve.

HIGH GRADE SHOWS.

But the amusement of the people is not confined to the swings, railways and merry-go-rounds. There are a dozen menageries in full blast, with pictures outside of ferocious lions crunching the heads of reckless hunters, of tigers and elephants in deadly conflict, of cages in which a beautiful young lady in tights and a whip stands with one foot on a monster lion and holding in her grasp the throat of an equally ferocious tiger. This young lady is announced on the canvas as Mlle. Naoma Howa, "the lion queen," and the lion is advertised as "the identical ferocious brute who, only two months ago, bit off the head of Mons. Ferrin, the famous lion tamer, who with all his skill and courage, could not subdue him, which feat the lion queen has accomplished."

An orator with mouth of india rubber and lungs of brass is employed to narrate these wonders to the gaping crowd and implore them to enter, and at the proper time, to whet public curiosity, Mlle. Naoma Howa appears herself on the platform beside the orator, dressed in her performing costume. Alas for the deceptive, exaggerating pictures! the beautiful young lady is dressed in tights, and in that particular she resembles the pictures upon the canvas. For she is a coarse, low-browed, wiry amazon, without a single feminine line, and more ugly and repulsive in appearance than the animals she performs. However, it is a woman, albeit a very ugly one, and she does enter the den of lions and tigers, and to see a woman take the chances of having her head bitten off is certainly worth two cents, and so the copper coin rattles musically in the box of the other ugly woman who is at the door.

A SINGULAR FACT.

It is a singular fact in showdom that the woman who sits at the door and takes the money is always fat, a very female Daniel Lambert. No man, scraggy woman was ever seen in such a position. Is there any connection between money-taking and adipose tissue? Is there any special cause for this? It is a fact, but who shall give the reason for it?

Next to the menagerie comes an athletic arena, the performance consisting of Greco-Roman wrestling, the contestants being men and women both. As with the other call partridges back thar—an' pick up half show the display on canvas is immense. There are pictures, brilliant in red, black and yellow, of beautiful women, abnormally developed as to legs and arms, struggling for the mastery; of strong men constructed on the Grecian model, wrestling, other beautiful women putting up dumb-bells of enormous size, and going through all sorts of athletic exercises, and various other pictures. The brass band, consisting of three instruments, two or three drums and two pairs of cymbals (anybody can beat drums and clang cymbals, and with enough of these a large band may be had at a very little cost) now and then blows and bangs vigorously, but to no purpose. The live young lady who performs the animals over the way takes the people and their money. So the proprietor brings out his reserved forces. The female wrestlers appear, clad in ring costume. They are rather a disappointment. One is an enormous woman, with legs on her like the pillars of Hercules and a ponderous abdomen surmounted with shoulders broader and more massive than any man before her can boast. The face is broad and senseless, the eyes pig-like, and the legs, by the way, describing almost a circle. There is strength here, undoubtedly. He would be a bold man who would offer her an indignity. Should she know an indignity if she met one, the man would find himself on his nose doubtless.

Next to her stands a long, wiry woman, precisely the opposite in her very tall and very slim legs, muscles of thinness, are not adapted to riding a barrel as are those of her companion, for they come very close together at the knee and then recede as though while the knees are very friendly, there is an evident unfriendliness between the feet, which keep them as far away from each other as possible. She is fearfully and wonderfully knock-kneed; but she is a wiry being and has strength and quickness doubtless, but her face shows just as much of the animal and as little of the human as does that of her muscular friend. Two others of like kidney make up the four and they are paraded upon the little platform in front of the canvas and the master of the show calls attention to them. He does not dwell upon the dirtiness of their tights and the general frowsiness of their attire, but he is eloquent over the fact that no four women of the globe can perform such feats of strength and endurance as these four, and that the admittance is only four sous.

Ugly and repulsive as are these burlesques upon womanhood it has the effect to stem the tide that is flowing into the opposition show, the rattle of coppers in the box proclaims.

There are hundreds of other shows, hundreds of panoramas, dioramas, peep-shows, minstrels of all kinds, Albino children, long-haired ladies, bearded women, everything, in short that the farmer boy in America spends his money upon. Annually, the circus, only there are a hundred times as many of them. All of which shows that there is but little difference in people anywhere.

These shows last, inside the canvas, about 15 minutes, perhaps 20. Notwithstanding the low price of admission, it is a good business for them. It wouldn't do if they gave only one performance, but as a new audience is worked in every 15 or 20 minutes, it aggregates very largely.

As a matter of course the vendors of patent medicines, the street magicians, acrobats and all that sort of thing, are as plenty as lice in Egypt, or Naples, they depending upon the liberality of those they attract to their performances.

And so from early in the morning till long after midnight, for a month, this fair progresses. All Paris goes to it, rich and poor, for it is an institution very old and very amusing. The rich scatter copper and silver about because they have it and it amuses them; the poor because it is a holiday and one on which they expect to spend no much money. They have for this purpose and make the most of it.

At its close the booths are taken down, the shows fold their canvas and wend their way to other fairs, the circular railroads are taken up and put down elsewhere and the square becomes normal again, a busy place of legitimate amusement. Once in a year it is a pandemonium of brass instruments, radiant in light reflected from glass and spangles set in every conceivable way. In this month it is a very lively place.

A Boston Boy.

Phil is only five, and just into trousers. He had begged for them so piteously that his mother expected some ebullition of ecstasy when he got into them. But he was absolutely silent while he was going through the process of shedding his dress and donning his new honors. When he was fairly rigged she looked at him fondly and said inquiringly, "Well, Phil?"

"Now I feel some better," responded he gravely.

He had to speak at a Sunday school concert not long ago, and the poor little soul was taken with stage-fright as soon as had made his bow before the ominous footlights. His lips trembled, his hands

Recent Literature.

At no time in the year do people look so eagerly for something to read, as in the winter, when the snow is upon the ground, and the winds are howling and shrieking outside, until they seem like living, sentient beings, threatening some dire disaster, unless everybody stays indoors. There is such a sense of comfort in the light and warmth inside, contrasted with the cold and discomfort outside, and it adds to the delights of a good book, making it seem far more attractive than when the warmth and beauty of summer are with us. To correspond with this desire for interesting literature, writers seem never to be so ready with it, and their best products are never so abundant as at this season.

One of the most interesting new books that have so far appeared is one from the house of Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, entitled "Fifteen Authors of the Nineteenth Century: Literary Portraits," by Dr. George Brandes, and translated from the original by Rasmus B. Anderson. The volume, written in German, is made up of nine essays, treating of as many prominent writers. They are Heyse, Andersen, Renan, Tegner, Flaubert, Paludan, Muller, Bjornson, Ibsen, and John Stuart Mill. Some of these authors are as yet little known in this country, but all are thinkers who have won for themselves a reputation among learned Europeans, and this charming book brings their personality vividly before even those who are strangers to their work.

"Lewis Ladder" is the title of a story by W. De Watt Wallace and published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, in spite of some crudities, will hold the reader from the beginning to the end. It tells how a woman, acute, refined, pure and good, but unfortunate in her marriage and thrown upon her own resources for obtaining a support for herself and child, is refused a moment's rest in a fashionable church, and what is applied and the way in which the matter was managed by some of the leading members, including the pastor and his wife, is most graphically depicted, and is so realistic that it seems as if it must have been a picture drawn from the author's personal knowledge. The reader follows the story with mingled feelings of indignation, regret and sorrow, but with unflagging interest. The only fault is in the somewhat unceremonious ending which appears as if the writer had grown weary of his subject, but this does not destroy the good impression already made.

"He Fell in Love with His wife" is another of the popular stories of E. P. Roe, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. It is an interesting story of mingled humor, pathos and tragedy, with all of the charm of style that has rendered the works of this author so popular. The peculiarities of his writing are enough and the way he takes to get out of them is exceedingly unique but it all ends pleasantly.

"Le Fontaine's Condensed Long Hand and Rapid Writers Companion," published by the American News Company, New York, is the title of a work designed by F. G. De Fontaine, Financial Editor of the New York *Star*, for the use of Students attending lectures, Journalists, Telegraphers, Typewriters, Lawyers, Clergymen and Court Reporting Clerks, and is an ingenious application of the principles of shorthand to the letters and symbols of the ordinary alphabet. While the author lays no claim to novelty, he has evidently succeeded in simplifying a system which enables a writer to attain a great speed, and to begin its development within an hour or two after perusal of the first dozen pages of the book. Price $1.25.

"Mexico of To-Day," issued by Harper & Brothers, New York, and written by S. B. Griffin, is the result of an extended visit paid to that country by the author, who gave close attention to everything which passed before him. In this volume his aim has been to exhibit the country, the climate, the people, their politics, life and national outlook, as they all united to impress an unprejudiced observer from the standpoint of to-day. The volume is enriched by maps and a number of interesting illustrations.

A beautiful volume in every sense of the word is the one from the same house entitled "The Boy Travelers in the Russian Empire." It describes the adventures of two youths in a journey in European and Asiatic Russia. They also go across Siberia, make voyages upon the Amoor, Volga, and other rivers, visit Central Asia, travel among the exiles, and see many things graphically described in these pages by the author, Thomas W. Knox, who is already well known to young readers through his other works, "The Boy Travellers in the Far East" and the later one, "The Boy Travellers in South America." The book is finely illustrated, and, as it is also a map by which the boys can be followed in their journeyings.

The Harpers also bring out "Select Poems of Robert "Browning" edited by William J. Rolfe and Helene E. Hersey, with notes. The selections are made with a great deal of judgment, and are just those which will lead to a further study of the poet. Perhaps the most difficult writer in the English language who can be even easily understood if he is not studied aright in every instance by the editors, and they are right. A sketch of Mr. Browning's life is given, and also some of the best criticisms on his works, and a chronological table of his longer poems.

"Ten Dollars Enough," by Catherine Owen, is brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It appeared originally as a serial in the pages of *Good Housekeeping*, and won great popularity with the readers of that magazine. Its object is to show that it is possible to keep house on ten dollars a week, and to live comfortably on that amount. A great many recipes are given which have been pronounced excellent, no complaints having been made except in two instances, and then the writer acknowledged that she herself might be in fault. The book is worth to any housekeeper far more than its cost.

"A Phantom Lover," by Vernon Lee, is one of those wild weird things that, if well written, as this is attracts and interests even though the mind enters a protest during its reading. The character of Alice Oke is handled with wonderful power though it is by strong dashes rather than by delicate touches, leaving the fancy of the reader to do the filling in. We are held by the same subtle fascination as holds the husband in the story, a half rebellious feeling, and yet one which makes us persist to the end. The book is little more than a sketch but it leaves much to be guessed at. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A bright and very clever story of Edmund About, entitled "La Buste," has been added to the prettily printed series of *Contes Choisis*, published by Wm. R. Jenkins, New York. It will be followed by a dog story of Louis Enault, entitled "Le Chien du Capitaine." Price 25 cents.

Another just issued by the same house and in the *Romans Choisis* series, is "L'Ami Fritz," one of the best known and most humorous of Erckmann-Chatrian's French romances. General readers and students in French will be glad to have this excellent and interesting work thus easily obtainable. Price 60 cents.

The beautiful bound volume of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*, which come from the publishers at this season, bring to the purchaser in a lump the good things which have been evolved through the year, and have already given pleasure to thousands of readers. Here they are put in permanent form and make a fine addition to the library. The Century Company, New York.

Another magnificent volume is that of *Harper's Young People*, made up of the issues of the year, full of an interest that cannot flag. The very best writers have given of their stories to this fine periodical for young people, and they are gathered together once in a most tasteful manner. Harper and Brothers, New York.

Literary Notes.

"Elias Bacharach" is the name of Sidney Luska's forthcoming novel.

Wilkie Collins, now convalescent after a severe illness, has written a Christmas story called "The Guilty River."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately a new volume of poems entitled "The Heart of the Weed," by an anonymous author.

Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads," is announced to lecture in five different states — Vermont, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

William Henry Bishop's new novel, "The Golden Justice," which has been running as a serial in the *Atlantic*, is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. in book form.

Ticknor & Co. will this week publish Henri Greville's latest novel, "Count Xavier," said to be one of the best of her excellent works.

The life of the late Charles Darwin, upon which his son has been engaged ever since the great scientist's death, is now definitely promised to appear during the last week of the present year.

Miss Murfree's brother has developed literary proclivities like his illustrious sister, and will write an an article on "Christmas in the Tennessee Mountains," which will be printed in the December number of the *Brooklyn Magazine*.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers' principal holiday books this year are E. A. Abbey's illustrated edition of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and Mr. Frank French's "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers." They will be issued next week.

Dr. Holmes's Harvard Poem, as printed entire in the supplement to the December number of the *Atlantic*, is nearly four times as long as the incomplete version given to the public in the daily press.

"The author of "A Volcano Under the City," dealing with the draft riots of 1863, is, we learn Mr. W. O. Stoddard, who signs himself "A Volunteer Special." For many years Mr. Stoddard has been collecting material for this almost forgotten dramatic episode, and the results of his research, as well as his personal experience, have been embodied in the book.

"Towards the Gulf," a novel by a new writer, which will shortly be published by Harper & Bros., is a tale of unusual power, whether considered with regard to its literary or its artistic merits. It is a picture of a phase of New Orleans life at once dreamily poetic and vividly realistic, rich in quaint local color, illustrations of personal, social and local traits.

In view of the general interest in the Bulgarian imbroglio a forthcoming work of G. P. Putnam's Sons, "The Balkan Peninsula," will attract considerable attention. It will be the narrative of a recent journey through Servia, Bosnia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Roumelia and Turkey by Prof. Emile de Laveleye, the distinguished Belgian economist, and will give his view of the actual condition of the social and political affairs in the Balkan states.

The December *Century* will contain a lifesize portrait of the right hand of Abraham Lincoln. Both of Lincoln's hands, as well as his face, were cast from life by Leonard W. Volk in the year 1860, a full account of which casting was given in the *Century* for December, 1881, accompanied by an engraving of the mask. The right hand has now been drawn by Mr. Alden Weir and engraved by Mr. J. Colleton Clay, so that the hand appear in fac-simile four stanzas from Mr. Stedman's poem entitled "The Hand of Lincoln," originally published in the *Independent*.

THE SONG OF MILLIONS.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains—Who Wrote It—By Whom Set to Music—Where It Was First Sung, And Who Sang It.

Toledo Daily Blade, November 26.

Who has not heard the beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains?" and who that has heard it sung by choir, congregation, or individual, has not felt a thrill of satisfaction at both the words and the music? It reaches away down into the hearts of old and young, and touches a chord that awaken impulses that leave lasting impressions of pleasure upon the mind. And yet how many are there who have heard the name of the writer of the hymn, the one who first sang it, or at what place it first delighted a congregation of church people?

Last Sunday evening a BLADE reporter in his rounds of the evening gatherings stepped into the rooms of the United States signal service, and while there Mr. B. L. Goulding, the intelligent and affable gentleman who is at the head of the office, among other interesting family mementoes, showed him a fine copy of the original edition of the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The outside covering of the paper is covered with vellum, and the title-page is done with pen and ink. Aside from the letering are two crolls, on one of which is seen the head of a bird, and on the other (a double scroll) the head of a fox. The wording is as follows: Original edition of "Greenland's Icy Mountains." Composed at the request of Miss Mary Howard, and dedicated to her by Dr. Lowell Mason, Savanna, Georgia, 1827.

On the top of the second page in the chirography of Dr. Lowell Mason, in a fine clerical hand (written at the age of 70) this appears:

"B. L. Goulding, with the kind regards of Lowell Mason, October 4, 1869."

Below this is the heading of the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains. By the late Bishop Heber, of Calcutta. Composed for, and dedicated to Miss Mary W. Howard, of Savannah, Georgia."

Additional facts connected with the hymn are: Reginald Heber was a learned and devout English clergyman, conscientious in the discharge of his ministerial duties, and a zealous advocate of the cause of Christianity, and on account of his marked ability, was appointed to the See of Calcutta, made vacant by the death of Bishop Middleton. In the year 1823, a few months before leaving for India, he was visiting his father-in-law, and while there wrote the words of the hymn.

By some means a copy of the hymn found its way to Savannah, Ga. A bright, intelligent young lady of 17 years, Miss Mary W. Howard, who had a sweet soprano voice, sang in the choir of the First Presbyterian church of Savannah. The verses fell into her hands, and being impressed with their grandeur, determined to have music set to them. She met a friend, Lowell Mason, then a clerk in one of the banks of Savannah, who understood how to compose music, and requested him to compose music for the words.

He at once sat down, and in less than 20 minutes had completed the work. The music was just the thing to be well adapted to Miss Howard's voice. The piece opens with a short prelude, then follows the soprano part.

Miss Howard took her place in the choir in the church, and sang the hymn in a manner that left lasting impressions upon the minds of the listeners. The young Georgia girl gave the magic touch to the soul-inspiring verses that started the hymn on its world-wide mission of good. It has been sung by some of the brightest gems in the collection of church hymns, and on missionary occasions in churches, it has been a great help in arousing a spirit of liberality in contributions that has assisted in carrying on the great work of spreading the gospel among the heathen, to the remotest parts of the earth.

Miss Howard, who had the honor of introducing the hymn to the world, was married to Rev. F. R. Goulding, a clergyman of Georgia, in 1832, and became the mother of children, among whom is Mr. B. L. Goulding, at the head of the Toledo Signal Service office, and who has the copy of the hymn referred to. His father was a man of varied talents, and had marked literary ability. He wrote "The Adventures of the Young Marooners," that has been published, and met with great favor in America, has been reprinted by five different houses in England, and has also appeared in French and German. It is found in all libraries where the English language is spoken, and takes high rank.

Bishop Heber, who wrote the hymn, was seized with an appoplectic fit while bathing at Trinchelinpolis, in India, which terminated his life.

Dr. Lowell Mason, who wrote the music to the hymn, afterward become one of the most voluminous and popular writers of church music in America.

A Bonanza Mine

of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

Origin of the "Dead Wood on You."

"I've got the dead wood on you," is an expression signifying that the evidences of unfair dealing are producible for the justification of the defendant. It originated in this way: A man's wife died and a first-class coffin was ordered. The coffin, supposed to be of rosewood, was lowered clumsily into the grave, and one corner of it was knocked off. The gentleman took the piece of wood home and found it was pine. The bill was presented and a rosewood coffin was one of the items. The undertaker was forced to sue for the amount, and when brought to court the defendant produced the chip in evidence. So goes the story.

Ready for Emergency.

A realizing sense of danger always characterizes a wise and courageous man. Whether the danger is present, as on the battle-field, or prospective, as when one is threatened with a deadly malady, a judgment as to the proper course to be pursued is always formed. Here is an instance of the latter kind of acumen: "I have just caught a severe cold," writes *Robert Armstrong, of Bonnieu, Kentucky*, to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1528 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., "and send check for another supply of Compound Oxygen. My *asthmatic trouble has disappeared*, and I have nothing of it, as heretofore, when I take cold. I eat and sleep well. I *am, in fact, a new man*, and attribute my health to the use of Compound Oxygen." The efficacy of this treatment in cases of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Neuralgia passes all belief. Write for a free pamphlet on the subject and study up the theory of cure for yourself.

PRIVATE ELIAS HOWE.

An Incident of the Sewing Machine King's Service in the Army.

"Colonel" Stephen A. Walker served the Union in the innocuous position of assistant paymaster. One dark day while he was sitting in his office, wondered how long he would be compelled to "loaf," on account of the inability of Uncle Sam to pay his boys in blue, a private soldier walked in and confronted him. The soldier belonged to a Connecticut regiment. Imagine the paymaster's surprise when the following conundrum was put to him by the soldier:

"Say, when do you expect to pay us men, anyway? We haven't had a cent now in three months."

The assistant paymaster glared at his visitor and told him neither politely nor religiously that it was none of his business. This was far from satisfactory, and the soldier proceeded:

"But it *is* my business, and that is why I am here. The men are not treated with the slightest justice, and if the United States ain't able to pay them, why you can have a draft on a New York bank for the amount due my regiment."

Of course there was no alternative left to Colonel Walker but to regard the Connecticut private as a crank. It remained only to be sure just how dangerous a crank he was.

"You'd better get back to your camp at once," said the paymaster. "Who gave you permission to come here, anyway? Come now, get out, or I will call the guard and have you placed under arrest. Git!"

Suiting the action to the word, the doughty paymaster arose and proceeded to "fire" his unwelcome privateer.

"Hold on a minute; take your hands off! I tell you I mean what I say. I belong to the —th Connecticut, and I can afford to pay my regiment, if there's no objection. Something ought to be done, and I'm willing to advance the money. My name is Elias Howe!"

This gave an entirely new aspect to the case, and Paymaster Walker grew quite deferential. The man who stood before him was the famous inventor of the sewing machine. He could pay his regiment all their back pay; he had the will, and he had the money, too. Col Walker thought an apology was demanded. The apology was proffered, and Elias received it with the air of a man who had but little to forgive.

"Well, colonel," said he, "when this trouble is over, I want you to step down to New York some time and see me."

The "colonel" lived then in Vermont, and when the war was closed he managed to find himself in New York. He had started a law office; that is to say, he helped to occupy the office of a friends of his. Business was not specially active. Ond day Walker thought he would step in and see whether Elias Howe recalled the misadventure of the war. Two years had then elapsed, Elias Howe was there and his memory was good. They sat down together and talked. Howe was from Massachusetts, Walker from Vermont. The Howe Machine company had just been organized. Walker was appointed its attorney. With an office in every city, town and hamlet in the civilized world, no wonder the Howe Machine company was the foundation of Walker's fortunes.

ALMOST A FATAL ERROR.

A Story of Real Life that has a Needed Moral.

The following story, from real life, has never been published, at least, outside of the local newspapers at the time the affair happened. The BLADE gives it not so much as a matter of news as to show the folly as well as danger of hanging a man and trying him afterwards:

In the spring of 1878, among the colored emigrants to the town of Holton, Kansas, came Shannon and Williams. He was almost a pure-blood negro, from Mississippi, and not so prepossessing but that suspicion would easily cling to him if the circumstances warranted it. He moved into a shanty owned and occupied by an old colored man named Sherman, who, owing to his dotal mental condition, was cared for by Williams. Suddenly the old man disappeared and his absence creating surprise among the neighbors, the tenant was asked to give an account of his stewardship.

He could not tell what had become of his landlord, but being pressed for a reply he told them that two strange men had coaxed the old man away to the bridge across Elk creek, north of town, and had thrown him over the railing into the water. The water was sufficiently deep to drown him if stunned by the fall. The story seemed quite improbable, as there was no motive for so doing. Shannon having no money; but there was a motive for the crime if Williams had done the deed. Shannon had no heirs, and his property would remain in the hands of the tenant for a long time, if not for all time.

The neighbors immediately proceeded to take Williams into custody, and while one of them went for a warrant of arrest, the others procured a rope, and putting it around the prisoner's neck, threw it over a limb and elevated him. Their object was to secure a confession. The medicine worked even better than was expected. The negro confessed that he had thrown Shannon over and promised to find the body if they would allow him. Accordingly while the lovers of justice sat on the banks, Williams waded through the cold water up to his waist in search of the body.

In the meantime grapple hooks were brought, the stream thoroughly dragged, but no corpse brought to light. Suspicion then dawned upon the minds of the self-constituted jury that the negro was lying, and that he was scared into saying what they wanted him to say. Fear sometimes leads even a coward to desperation, and this was a case of it. The crowd, by the advice of some of the wiser ones, concluded to hold the prisoner for a few days for developments. Some of the brethren became surety for him, and in the course of a few days news came that Shannon was wandering round up in Brown county. He had slipped away with but little money, and after drawing that his disappearance was of so much importance to his fellow-citizens behind.

Williams still lives in Holton, and is known as "the man who drowned Shannon." The story contains nothing thrilling in itself, but forcibly illustrates the danger of lynching a supposed criminal, even upon his own confession. The evidence in this case, in the hands of many a mob, has hanged the victim, and will probably continue to do so until the millenium.

THE PRESIDENT'S SINGING.

He Roars Out "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," and Scares Senators.

The President is not often seen except in his carriage, as he is not fond of walking and does not take nearly as much exercise as he should. Since his marriage, however, he has not worked so incessantly as he did before, and often, nowadays, spends his evenings in the drawing-room with the ladies, sometimes joining them in a song. His favorite air is "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie," and he roars out a bass when his wife sings it that at first made the doorkeepers in the vestibule think some frightful cyclone was loose in the yard. A couple of Senators called the other evening when he was having unusually good time, and as they entered the vestibule he was on some very high notes. They looked at each other in alarm and then at the doorkeeper, who, amused at the expression on their faces, laughed outright.

"What on earth is that horrible noise?" exclaimed the one who first recovered his presence of mind.

"It's only the President singing, sir," replied the doorkeeper.

"Is he often taken that way?"

"Pretty near every night of late, sir."

"Then I reckon we better call during the day," observed the Senators, as they started toward John Chamberlain's club house to tone down their amazement and tell the story.—*Chicago News.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, Assists Mental Labor.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

The Tiger of the Human Species.

We have before us the tiger of the human species. No no tribe in America can those remarks apply with more force than to the Apaches of Arizona. To see them, as they appeared to the white man—half clad, half fed, covered with vermin, with no semblance of property but the rude arms with which they doggedly waged war against unpitying nature—it was easy to believe, and many Americans did believe, that nothing could be more easily effected than their extermination or subjection. It has taken the expenditure of countless treasure and blood to demonstrate that these naked Indians were the most thoroughly individualized soldiers on the globe: that each was an army in himself, waiting for orders from no superiors—throughly confident in his own judgment, and never at a loss to know when to attack or when to retreat.—*Gen. Crook.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Pock's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address *F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y.* Name paper.

EXPENSES DOUBLED BY MARRIAGE.

A Widow Gives Some Facts About the Cost of Living by Married and Single Men.

I often hear young married men say that it costs them no more to live than it did when they were single," remarked a widow.

"Do you agree with them?"

"If two and two make four I do not. I have had some experience and I have discovered that it costs just twice as much and frequently three times as much for a man to support a wife as to live single. It does not make any difference how economical a wife is, she cannot do away with the stern fact that it costs just twice as much for two people to live as one. Of course single men who are independent and have plenty of spending money, invariably get rid of a good deal per annum anyway. A wife can save money for this class of men, provided she can keep him away from the clubs, make him give up his unnecessary and expensive bachelor habits, and put a stop to those superfluous and expenditures upon the household and her own expenses. But if he does not follow this course his expenses are doubled. A firm and resolute wife can save money to a husband who is making money, therefore it behooves all men who are prospering to marry economical wives. Take the case, though, of a clerk on a salary of $60 a month, or $15 per week, what would he save by marrying? Suppose he tries boarding; it will cost him and wife $12 per week, $10 at the least calculation, whereas he only paid $6 or $5 for himself. See what a man he has for saving money after marriage. He saves a penny. Washing and other incidental expenses will eat up the $5 or $3. Well, the $3 margin would soon put them in debt. If he remains single he obtains board at $6 per week, pays $3 a week for incidental expenses, and puts the remaining $3 a week $72 per year. To do this he has to wear $8 and $10 suits of clothes, never go to the theatre, unless once or twice a month he goes in the gallery at 25 cents admission, and to live a close and economical life. Suppose he keeps house. He can rent a small house in the suburbs of Brooklyn for $20 a month. Take it for granted that the house is furnished by some cash he happens to have, then he has nothing to do but pay the rent, buy food and fuel and clothes for himself and wife. Can he do it on that $15 a week? Not much, but he can come nearer living this way than by boarding. His food and fuel need not cost him over $23 or $25 per month, leaving a balance of $15 for the hundred other little expenses attached to running even a modest domestic household. His expenses for car fare, going and coming from business, foot up at the end of the month. Possibly he might be able to put through three or four months, but I doubt it. The question then is how can a $15-a week young man marry and live happily and not run behind? He must be sensible and marry a $10-a-week young woman, who, after she has married, must continue to be in a $10 a-week mood. They will have to board, of course, as both have to leave home and work. At $12 a week for both, they will have a margin of $13 to go upon for incidental expenses. These are the experimental and actual facts about the $15-a-week young man, and there is no way to reduce his expenses, therefore it is worse than folly for him to marry unless he marries a $10-a-week young woman. I have read articles about cheap living, but they sounded like the theories of an impractical able dreamer."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

SAYINGS BY BOB INGERSOLL.

He Makes an Evening at New York Highly Entertaining to His Audience.

If nobody has too much everybody will have enough.

I would like to see this world so that a man could die and not feel that he had left his wife and children a prey to the greed or avarice or necessities of mankind.

There is something wrong in the system when idleness is burdened with wealth and industry with famine.

Get out of your minds that old nonsense about man's free moral agency. A man is no more responsible for his character than for his height, or for his acts than his dreams. Then you will have charity for the whole human race.

Wealth is not a crime nor is poverty a virtue, although virtue has generally been poor.

There is only one good—human happiness.

To do right is the bud, blossom and fruit of wisdom.

No perfectly civilized man could be happy while there was an unhappy being in the universe that he knew.

The poor imagine that the rich live in Paradise. I know the most of them live in a gilded hell.

No man has the genius or the brains to own $5,000,000. The money owns him. He is the key to a safe. Yet these men go on accumulating. It is a sort of insanity. Imagine a man—a good, intelligent man—with forty acres of corn! Just imagine it! Or 8,000,000 hats [laughter] 1,000,000,000 neckties [laughter and cheers]. Then imagine him getting up at 4:30 o'clock and working hard all day to get another necktie. [Prolonged applause.]

Great wealth is the mother of crime.

The gulf is growing between Lazarus and Dives, only the two have changed places. Dives is in Abraham's bosom.

The rich have scorn and contempt for the poor; the poor envy and hatred for the rich. There must be some way for the loving poor and the sympathetic rich to get acquainted. If there is anything that can unite all mankind together it is a common belief, but in this Christian country there is no welcome in the velvet for the rags. I would think much of any religion that would allow the rich and the poor to clasp hands, if only for one instant once a week.

All men are not capable of getting a living now. Some are not cunning enough, not strong enough, not stingy enough.

Millions of machines have been invented to save labor, but the laborer does not own the machine; the machine owns the laborer.

No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use; but I would not take an inch of land from any one without paying for it.

If it were possible to bottle the air there would be a Great American Air Bottling association before sundown to-morrow, and millions would be allowed to die for want of a breath if they were unable to pay the monthly air bills.

I would not only see homes made free from attachment for debt, but free from taxation also. Then we would have a nation of firesides and a nation of patriots.

There is something about money that dries up the affections. I suppose that one reason of it is that the moment a man gets any money there are so many trying to get it away from him that he thinks the whole race are his enemies.

I don't blame the rich, mind you; they are the natural products of the system. Blame the system.

The first great remedy is in the ballot. The poor are in the majority. If the law oppresses them it is their fault. They have followed the fife and drum of some party. No man should go with a party unless it is going his way.

A civilized man will never want to sell a thing for more than it is worth, nor will he want to buy anything for less than what it is worth.

Look at the children of the rich. My God! what a punishment for being rich!

I am not afraid of monopolies. The people will stand oppression to a certain point, and then the end will come.

After Diptheria.

Diptheria is a terrible disease, requiring the greatest medical skill to effect a complete cure. Even when its power is broken, it clings to the patient with great persistency, and often leaves the system poisoned and prostrated. Just here Hood's Sarsaparilla does a vast amount of good, expelling impurities from the blood, giving it richness and vitality, while it renovates and strengthens the system.

Gracie Was Impressed.

Little Grace's mother was ill, and Grace was very naughty. A detailed account of her misdemeanors was given to her mother, and her advice was asked.

"Bring her into me," she said, "and I will see what a serious talk on the subject will do."

The little one was accordingly brought in to her mother, who vividly portrayed to her the offences of which she had been guilty, endeavoring to put the case in such a way as to impress the child deeply. The effort was quite exhausting, but the mother felt convinced, from the child's earnest attention, that the desired effect had been produced.

"You may go now, dear," she said, "mamma's tired."

The little girl lingered.

"What more do you want?" asked her mother, kissing the supposed little penitent gently.

"Nothing, mamma," she replied, sweetly, "only—don't you think you could tell me that nice story over again?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

FASHION'S vagaries have a far more extended influence than in merely deciding how the human form divine shall be attired, for they often set the wheels of industry in motion, or bring them to a stand still, as the case may be. For instance, time was when the fashionable woman must count in her wardrobe a Cashmere shawl, and great sums of money were paid for them. In the far-off Oriental country of Cashmere a large part of the population was employed in their weaving in order to supply the market, when, presto! change! they went out of fashion, and this prosperous people became paupers. They are not the only class of persons that have been brought to grief by some whim of fashion, but it is not often that a single one produces an effect upon a whole country, and brings about a state of things that calls for a recognition by the government, as in this case.

THE delicacy which will not permit the utterance of unclean words, or of those which have a double meaning or hint of meaning that would bring the blush to the cheek of modesty, is an excellent thing, but there is a squeamishness or a false modesty that is very absurd and only worthy of ridicule. It was very well illustrated some time ago in *Life*, where the interior of a fashionable church is pictured, from which the congregation are running at break-neck speed, while upon their faces is an expression of the direst dismay. The trouble is explained by the cartoonist to be that the rector, who is seen in the dim distance, had inadvertently alluded to the temptation of Eve in the garden of Eden.

IT is curious how often one person is the moving spirit of an organization without its being apparent to the members until the withdrawal of its influence. This was the case with the celebrated Radical club of Boston which had its birth in the broad mindedness of the Rev. John T. Sargent and his wife, and had for its purpose, the investigation of all forms of religious thought and inquiry. It grew in numbers from 50 persons to 200, always having its centralizing influence with the Sargents. When Mr. Sargent died, and his wife followed her son to New York, the club dissolved, and yet it counted among its members such persons as Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry James, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Grew, Mrs. Leonowens and many others. It seems strange that it should thus have died with such intellects to vitalize it, but with its founders gone all interest seemed to die too. And it has proved so in other instances.

THE Boston *Courier* makes the following severely poetic and satiric representation of the present condition of society, matrimonially considered:

I asked for her hand and
She murmured "Oh, my!"
And gave me a smile from
Her love-swimming eye.

She gave me her hand, while
Cooing like her poodle,
And said "I am yours, sir,
If you've got the boodle."

A NEW custom which promises to be very popular is that of having guests draw lots for their positions at the table. In a recent description of the process the writer says: "Shortly before dinner a gold or silver vase is taken into the drawing-room filled with flowers. Removing the latter, slips of paper are disclosed, which are drawn out by the guests, who learn from it whether it is their fortune to be happily placed or otherwise." Whether it is posi tively necessary that the vase should be gold or silver is opponent saith not, but that it is desirable. At any rate, the custom saves a hostess some embarrassment sometimes.

WHAT a strange world this is! Every one is rushing on through life, intent on doing what appears to him the greatest importance, and, in fact, a necessity, in order to secure the greatest amount of happiness. Generally speaking, when obtained, it is found of little avail for that purpose, and something else shines in the distance to be reached for with just as great earnestness as the first. So we go on through life, all the while moving a small moment when in the grasp, but shining with but brilliant radiance in the distance. Perhaps it is well that it is so, for we are thus incited to effort that makes us stronger in character and more likely to become what we were intended to be in the great plan of the universe. It is a little discouraging to look back, though, and see others succeed what we pursued the most eagerly has proved of the least satisfaction when obtained.

THE men rule the world, the wives rule their husbands; *ergo*, the women rule the world. And no wonder the naughty correspondent down at Washington who says that Cleveland will seek a renomination in 1888 in order to gratify Frank. She is a young woman. He old enough to be her father. She is by no means a beautiful creature, as correspondents describe her. She is a large woman, with a full-blown face, with a tremendous physique, which, as she grows older will become pronouncedly large and massive. She is a good-hearted, easy-dispositioned, pleasant-tempered person, and yields almost as readily as Mrs. Lincoln yielded to the flatteries of the hour. She has no doubt seen that when her husband's first term of office expires they will move from their position at the head of the nation than she has that they will fly to the moon in a balloon. She wants to stay there. She is a bride, and all brides have what they want, so the husband yields to the wife, and the president to the man, and the boom begins for renomination.

A RECENT writer expresses the opinion that men, as a general rule, do not like the so-called witty women, for they are usually shrewish women, with bitter tongues ready, even for the sake of that which seems to be wit, to hurt even those they love; but wit in a woman means saving the bright and merry word, the kindly and courteous word, and doing the considerate act. It means remembering what one primary reader used to say about honey catching more flies than vinegar, and knowing that the honey most pleasant to mankind is that of gentleness. "And the flies most dear to women are men—why deny it—mamma to love, make much of, to cuddle as one would a baby. They are the great babies of life, and woman is the universal mother."

THE Salad-mixer has a lady friend who possesses that rarest of all faculties in these modern days, of being able to write a pleasant, gossipy letter. She takes up her parable now to remark, apropos of the fact that that Christmas is near at hand, that Christmas "is the only time of the whole year that I sympathize with the men. Take them all around, and they have a mean sort of time just now. Taxes and quarterly doctor and dentist bills, the butcher, the baker, the grocer all sit on him as December nears. In addition the Christmas presents count like fun."

BRINGING HER DOWN.

How Sam Allerton Brought a Coquette to Terms.

Sam Allerton was a cattle buyer and shipper of the practical sort up to a few years ago. He drove the cattle himself, rode with them down East on the cattle-trains, and when the steers "got down" got into the cars himself and got them up. He was always the vigorous, pushing, democrat person that his neck and shoulders and dress and talk show him to be still. His manner of making love was even characteristic. Banker Thompson of Canton, Ill., was the richest and most influential man in that very rich county 25 years ago. He had a number of daughters, all very pretty girls, and, as Canton was a good deal more of a center then than now, these pretty heiress to Banker Thompson's fortune were continually surrounded by all the beaux of that quarter. Allerton very much liked the oldest girl. He was at this disadvantage himself, that he never wore his breeches on the outside, but always tucked on the inside of his bootlegs. He paid a good deal more attention to business than to society, and was off buying hogs while the sleek young men of that important village were paying their addresses in their best "store clothes." Perhaps Allerton never would have captured Banker Thompson's handsome daughter if there had not been a party arranged for one night at the banker's house. Everybody was there in a buggy. The dancing over it was part of the programme that each beau should take his lady for a moonlight ride in the buggy that was hitched to the fence outside. When Allerton came to look for old Thompson's prettiest daughter he couldn't find her. She had playfully taken her place in another buggy. That cut the young gentleman to the quick, and without a word to anybody, he got into his own wagon and drove off. He kept going until he got to Peoria. The very next day that pretty Thompson girl sailed off with her father to find Sam. It wasn't five minutes after she'd found him before he'd forgiven her; and not five minutes more before they were engaged to be married.—*Chicago Mail.*

—One among the many eminent church dignitaries who have given their public endorsement to the wonderful efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, in case of rheumatism and other painful ailments, is the Right Reverend Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A. Reynolds, Ypsilanti, Mich., writes: "I am a reader of the BLADE, and very much interested in the CAMP FIRE. I thought I would bring along a hod of coal, not having a pine knot, and see if I can hear from any of the boys of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, and through the good old BLADE exchange some of the war scenes we passed through. Yes, we are fast passing over the river. Let us visit while we can. Am I a Republican? Yes, to the core. Let us as old soldiers rally for 1888."

Brag is a Good Dog.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I arise to remark that I attended the reunion at Decatur, Ill., on the 6th, 7th and 8th of October, and was highly pleased with my experience. I there met many of my old friends, neighbors and schoolmates who served in the 8th, 41st, 115th Inf., 7th Cav., and other regiments, but better than that, I met some of the members of my old battery after a separation of over 21 years, and as I took them by the hand, the tears would well up, and come to the surface. I did not think myself less a man than when in the heat of battle, tears were farthest away from my thoughts. I must acknowledge it was my first reunion, as I have never cared much to attend meetings of other regiments, if I could not meet with some of my own company, and my experience was entirely different to what I anticipated it would be. First, the "boys" are other than they were. I remember them as men in the prime of life, hardy as the forest oak, walking erect and firm, with light eyes and bronzed cheeks. After 21 years, I met them, older, grayer, and with eyes somewhat dimmed, their step somewhat unsteady and faltering. I was surprised to notice it in Jake and Neil and Tom and Charlie and Andy and the others, but knew of it of myself long ago.

I heard Gov. Oglesby, Gen. Pavey, and a "lot of other fellers" make speeches to the boys, and I thought they made extremely good speeches. One thing I noticed was, that the men who were in the rebellion were there, and if they each and severally did one ninety-ninth part of what they claimed to have done, I don't see how in the world the rebellion lasted so long. A man, when he found out that I had belonged to the army, and was in the battle of Chickamauga, told me how admiringly gaping crowd how he had taken off his socks and filled them with minnie balls for us to use, in place of canister, when that highly prized "succulent" had all been used out of our "limbers," and when night came every man in the brigade was without socks, all having made the sacrifice of those somewhat useful articles of clothing, in order to furnish us ammunition. The man who told that had but one leg. I wanted to know where he lost the other one, but I dared not ask him. How a man with one leg could tell such a—well—war story, and be able to keep his feet, is more than I know. I received a letter from my lieutenant the other day, who gave me some of his experiences going home from Decatur, and, among the rest, he heard men tell of what they had done for the government, until a million rebels bit the dust in a few hours. The lieutenant was surprised, but he must remember that it is easier killing them now than it was 22 or 23 years ago. Boys, draw it a little milder. Some one may go to figuring, and wonder where we buried our dead. Now, I am well aware of the fact that I did more towards putting down the rebellion than any other three men in the

Question Bureau.

very little starch, and the remainder is drawn by a siphon through a fine sieve into a "washed and purified.

RAMBLER'S NOTEBOOK.

A Summer Vacation in Norway—A Talk on Norway and Its Government—Powers of the Storthing—How the Members are Elected—Adams Discourses on Ancient History Much to Gordon's Edification.

SEVENTH NOTE.

The landlord of our little inn at Soholt was exceedingly interesting whenever we could get him to talk of something besides his life and experience in America. To him the fourteen years he spent in the United States were a revelation, they emancipated him from the traditions and superstitions of centuries and transported him into a living, tangible present, it recreated him and gave him new ideas, new aspirations, new impulses. The metamorphosis had been so great that he imagined all the time that we must be deeply interested in the change as he was himself, and as a result we had great difficulty in making him talk, not upon that which we knew so well, but rather upon that which we had come to this Northern country to learn, something of the life, the customs and the habits of the Norwegians, more especially of the Norwegian peasant, how they lived and how they were governed.

"Our form of government," he said, after he had talked for an hour on the advantages the United States offered a foreigner who was competent and willing to improve them, "resembles in some respects that of [illegible] Constitution, [illegible] who are boring, or have borne arms, [illegible] ber 4, 1814, is, [illegible] only, all depends on the absolute will [illegible] democratic in [illegible] into 40 tribes, each governed by [illegible] legislative and [illegible] elders, and a chief or expatin of [illegible] power is vested in [illegible] tract called Kngas, who acts as [illegible] sentative of the [illegible] Sclandinavia [illegible] generally great [illegible] elementary education as supported by the Crown excises [illegible] ernment, and education is compulsory and [illegible]

All males under the age of 25 are suppos[illegible] be able to read and write. The area of [illegible] its public offices, [illegible] square miles. The total population in [illegible] fied veto power [illegible] was 250,000. The population is now [illegible] he may veto pastoral and agricultural. Agriculture is offering three successful years [illegible] Nearly [illegible] lands have a little cultivable land, but the [illegible] line is not once is seldom sufficient for consumption, [illegible] nobility, titles stock of all kinds are reared. The number [illegible] aw in 1821 [illegible] people is of bearing arms between the [illegible] of the Storthing [illegible] 414 and is elected by districts [illegible] ts no standing army, except the life-[illegible] of the Constabulary, numbering 100 men, by the whole [illegible] ts, and these, as well as [illegible] ulations, [illegible] are so scattered that it would be [illegible] ed assemble and [illegible] time for the Storthing to assemble and [illegible] to be called out [illegible] ed to place themselves in the [illegible] Knights. [illegible]

"The Storthing belongs entirely to the [illegible] lands meet and vies for the [illegible] ber, or from [illegible] to the Governor's [illegible] district, the per-[illegible] 1882, by a bishop consecrated by the [illegible] the constituency [illegible] synod of Russia, with the exception of [illegible] Roman Catholics and [illegible] Mormons meet to choose [illegible] from their midst. The [illegible] ty is limited [illegible] purely ecclesiastical matters. There are [illegible] th of 25 years of [illegible] ty, which have been permitted to [illegible] town, or who [illegible] ter rent of land [illegible] a limited number of clergy, [illegible]

"The principal exports are skunne, fish [illegible] deer, smoked reindeer, [illegible] smoked mutton, hides [illegible] furs. There are enormous [illegible] cattle operate[illegible] roads from Sweden to Carlstad, and to Hamar, [illegible] othing is com-[illegible] Lake Somar, to Polsdam, and good [illegible] similar to your [illegible] over the rest of the principality. The Lagthing [illegible] 15 officers [illegible] ties of telegraph in the country, [illegible] to your Senate, [illegible]

"The intense love of independence of the [illegible] th of the men, [illegible] and their bravery in defence of [illegible] the other, [illegible] country, are worthy of the highest respect; [illegible] but to [illegible] ess, comprising [illegible] barians, who destroy with fire and sword every [illegible] All new [illegible] they cannot carry off. The men [illegible] the Odelsthing [illegible] a white or yellow cloth frock, reaching [illegible] they pass to [illegible] to the left, and a red [illegible] accepted and [illegible] wear a frock or petticoat [illegible] become a law. [illegible] longer than that of the men, and both [illegible] Lagthing re-[illegible] wear sandals of untanned ox hide, and [illegible] sent up to [illegible] the knee by straps [illegible] something like the Scotch [illegible] the Odelsthing. [illegible] over their shoulders. The present session, at [illegible] session, at [illegible] Ottawa, the principal market, chiefly used and put to [illegible] women, and it is only in the eastern [illegible] ssing given to it [illegible] the country that they are assisted in the [illegible] of the men.

"The Norwegians [illegible] further power [illegible] Reader, Princeton, Ind.: [illegible] forming itself [illegible]

Please give us full description of Yale [illegible] court of the [illegible]
stone park as space will allow. [illegible] of the Lagthing [illegible]

The Bureau dislikes to republish articles[illegible]. The Bureau dislikes to republish articlened. Impeachthis kind, but as there are several [illegible] ments of ministers, [illegible] under the Constitution of the state are [illegible] ments, Yellow stone Park, or the Northern W[illegible] whose decision is derland, was first brought definitely to [illegible] the king. In by a party of surveyors from Helena, Mont. [illegible] governed by the which the district was reserved and with[illegible] bill of secusation from settlement, and dedicated and set apart [illegible] the Odelsthing a public park, and placed under the exclu[illegible] play in their conduct of the secretary of the Interior. [illegible] The park lies in the northwest corner of Wyo[illegible] dates from extending on the west into Montana. It is [illegible] ly 3,500 feet, miles north and south by 55 miles east [illegible] on Nov. 1, west, comprising 3,578 sq. are miles, and is [illegible] the union with 2,22 by 15 miles in extent] has an altitude [illegible] ssively separate 7,785 feet. The mountain ranges [illegible] ld with Sweden from [illegible] in valleys [illegible] every side [illegible] to the height of 10,000 and 12,000 [illegible] realm, do feet, and are covered with perpet[illegible] snow. During June, July and August the [illegible] do. They are atmosphere is pure and very invigorating, [illegible] ambassadors are [illegible] governed by the thermometer frequently falls [illegible] governed by below zero, and there is frost every month in [illegible] ch consists of year. The most striking features of the p[illegible] seven others. scenery are its [illegible] ls, and its [illegible]

"In the number and magnitude of [illegible] In Stockholm, hot springs and geysers it surpasses the rest [illegible] ace, while the the world. There are probably 60 geysers th[illegible] councilors of a known [illegible] of water to a height of from [illegible] the Norwegian to 200 feet, and from 5,000 to 11,000 gallons [illegible] own coinage, chiefly of two kinds, those depositing lime a[illegible] responsible for these depositing silica. There is every varie[illegible] revenues are of beautiful color, and the deposits form exq[illegible] ornamental objects of Nature. The temperature of the calcareous springs [illegible] parate army, from 160° to 170°, that of the others rises [illegible] ly 4,000 200° or more. The park has within its limi[illegible] he had been in it [illegible] ing in various directions. On the north side [illegible] me," thought the sources of the Yellowstone; on the w[illegible] ry we were those of the principal forks of the Missouri; [illegible] regarding the southwest and south those of Snake riv[illegible] ers us upon Green river, a branch of the great Colorad[illegible] which empties into the gulf of California; whilst[illegible] fast, settled on the southeast side are the numerous hea[illegible] waters of Wisconsin [illegible] put one

"A description of the more remarkable geyse[illegible] re sitting on may prove of interest in this connection. [illegible] ers of the head of the valley, at its southern extre[illegible] ity, stands old Faithful, a geyser so called [illegible] ed by its regularity; it throws a column of abo[illegible] an hour, throwing a column of water six feet [illegible] concerted by diameter to a maximum height of 150 feet, a[illegible] which Gordon during it up by a succession of impulses fro[illegible] ds in air that faster he falls directly back into the basin, flowi[illegible] well inured over the edges and down the sides in stream[illegible] ls. However When the action ceases, the water recedes [illegible] became like steam is heard [illegible] time approaches [illegible] he went another eruption. [illegible] is a comical mourner history of [illegible] preserved of yourself about [illegible] ing at this [illegible] piracy was Nearit are four [illegible] ls, merging at the [illegible] lasting have opposite sides of the geyser, one C[illegible] ranted them- the Beehive and the Castle, the former is a silicious cone songs and [illegible] 100 feet high, with a crater 20 feet in diameter, [illegible] ague, were and the latter [illegible] 200 feet high and 250 feet in diameter at the top, wi[illegible] as much as [illegible] ral cylinder 3 by 2 feet in diameter. When [illegible] allow them in action, which occurs once in about 24 hours, [illegible] ness whose it throws a column of water, entirely filling the [illegible] ing have enter to a height of about 220 feet. Two hun[illegible] ughly the dred yards from the Beehive is the Giantess, [illegible] well how large cone 4 by 3 feet in diameter, and [illegible] you," ex-feet in diameter. When not in action, [illegible] an' you water can be seen in its basin, which is about [illegible] the next is also visible to the depth of 40 feet, but a gurg[illegible] have all ling can be heard at a great distance [illegible] Peace, low. When an eruption is about to take place [illegible] charming the water rises in the tube with much splutter[illegible] ares new, ing and hissing, sending off vast clouds [illegible] have a of steam. It will sometimes continue for several [illegible] pay pur-minutes within 40 or 50 feet of the surface, [illegible] forming and gurgling, and squirting jets of hot [illegible] Locke. water nearly to its mouth. When it finally [illegible] subsides, there is a column of water [illegible] eaths. the full size of its aperture to the height of [illegible] xposure, feet. [illegible] or tem-

Starch—Gloss. [illegible] d. Keep

Sub., Grafton, Neb.: [illegible] 86. For
1. How is starch made? 2. What is used t[illegible] pples of
enable the glass in inks, paints, and starch?
3. Starch is extracted from [illegible]
liquid masses, the old or fermenting, and th[illegible]
new or non-fermenting process. In employin[illegible]
the fermenting process the grain is steeped [illegible]
water till it becomes soft enough to mash easily [illegible]
between the fingers. It is then ground [illegible]
a malt mill or between rollers, and [illegible] mark con-
with water. Fermentation sets in, and lacti[illegible] mer being
and acetic acids are formed, which disintegrate [illegible] ed his ap-
the cellular structure of the starch [illegible] monarchs.
granules. These are collected by repeated [illegible] ed by the
washings and precipitations, the process being [illegible] nuary 14,
continued for several days. The gluten under-[illegible] ned under
goes putrefaction, and, emitting a most [illegible] throne as
pungent odor, [illegible] a result [illegible] ed. Mar-
Dr. The sugar and a portion of the [illegible] ch was suc-
starch are converted into alcohol, and [illegible] he by his
a part of this into lactic and acetic acids, [illegible] ties XV by
which dissolve the gluten that has escaped [illegible] sign, Oscar
putrefaction. The starch is finally [illegible] ed to re-
move the soluble matters, and the starch left [illegible] tch of the
behind is next dried in blocks; as the water es-[illegible] by Gordon
capes from them the masses break up into the [illegible] pe, rose to
powdery condition of the starch [illegible] ur to starch.
4. The starch [illegible] ssant duty
obtained by this method is about 50 [illegible] arise and
per cent. of the weight of the flour, while by the [illegible] honorable
other process it is from 35 to 40 per cent. [illegible] d, for his
Nearly the whole of the gluten also is saved in [illegible] at once
this empirical manner, the sugary portion in [illegible] upon the
tion are caught below the sieve, and the gluten [illegible] ng glorious
hourly all remains behind in a sticky mass. [illegible] now en-
What passes through is left to ferment 24 [illegible] man, that
hours in an oven at 68 degrees Fahrenheit, and [illegible] and varie-
a little leaven is added, or the skimmings of a [illegible] eloquent
former operation to hasten the process. The [illegible] ing in all
portion of the gluten carried through with the [illegible] r greatly
starch is thus separated and removed by skim-[illegible] highly the
ming. The starch obtained by this method is about 50 [illegible] well how
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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of post tive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE last full week of November closed with favorable reports from all the trade centers. Collections and sales are both good, and the prospects for the future are bright. There is a feeling of confidence all over the country that the coming year is to witness a complete revival in all branches of trade and industry, after the long depression which began in 1883.

OF 149 million bushels of wheat available for export in the United States in July, 61 millions have been exported and 87 millions are still to be shipped. India has shipped about 38 millions out of an estimated surplus of 50 millions.

THE past week showed a total of 216 business failures in the United States and Canada, being 26 less than the previous week. The greater portion were in the South.

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IF IT DESTROYS THE SALOON, PROHIBITION IS A SUCCESS.

The statement is spread far and wide every week or two through the press that Prohibition is a failure in the city of Atlanta. We are told by correspondents, with ill-concealed glee, that it is just as easy to get drunk in Atlanta as it is elsewhere. There is Rum to be had if a man wants it. And therefore they shout, with one accord, that "Prohibition don't prohibit" in Atlanta; that it is a failure there, and consequently it is a failure everywhere.

Now let us look at the facts in the case. We quote from a letter which we find in the columns of an Indiana exchange, written by Rev. A. B. RIKER:

The citizens of Atlanta are indignant at the misrepresentations of their justly famous city. They claim that prohibition has not only not interfered with its material welfare, but on the contrary it has enabled it to more than hold its own growth and general prosperity against all the wicked and malicious opposition which the enemies of temperance have heaped upon it.

The many persons of whom I made inquiry as to the loss of population agreed that not more than two hundred and fifty persons had gone because of prohibition, while the number of new pupils in the public schools, the increased demand for dwelling houses, etc., etc., indicate that this loss has been more than balanced.

Every kind of business, excepting trading and business, is flourishing. There are between thirty and forty new groceries, largely in places formerly occupied by saloons, some of them kept by former saloonkeepers. These are all doing well, and the old ones are having larger sales, and get their money more readily than ever before. There is a migration from poorer houses to better ones, while rents and collections of every kind are easier than before. So state all the real estate agents interviewed, without exception. One young man, whose business is to collect bad debts, notices a great falling off in his business because the people pay their debts better.

The treasurer of a large manufacturing firm is doing a banking business with many of the employes, who make deposits with him of the surplus of their earnings over their necessary expenses. There is no falling off in bank deposits, while an increase is reported for some. The $5,000 daily liquor bill of Atlanta more or less turned into these channels is the legitimate explanation for all this. A margin is then left large enough to make up soon to the city all that has been carried away by maddened liquor men, who, by the way, are not willing to sell their Atlanta property at its original cost.

Notwithstanding a great many business places have become vacant by the enforcement of prohibition, yet there are not more such places for rent than usual. Some of the places recently occupied by saloons have been fitted up elegantly, and are used for legitimate business. Thus instead of being a curse, they are a blessing to the city. The enemies of prohibition admit that Atlanta is prospering, and say it is in spite of prohibition. The suppression of excitement regards this prosperity due to prohibition, and in spite of misrepresentation and opposition, they are confident that time will prove this.

Is it impossible, then, for a dweller in Atlanta to get anything to drink without going outside of the city? Not at all. He can send his jug or demijohn to any place where the sale of liquors is permitted, and have it filled and shipped to him for his private use. He can invite his friends to his house and drink with them to his heart's content. One of the former liquor dealers of Atlanta has established himself in Griffin, and is striving in every way to keep up his trade with his old patrons, by shipping them such liquors as they may order and send the money for—the handling of the money in Atlanta would render them liable to the law.

Final prohibition will only be possible when no place is left where the article can be sold. Still Atlanta is "dry." Public tippling and treating is at an end there. The open door of temptation to drink does not invite the youth of Atlanta. It is a delightfully strange experience to walk through a city by night and by day and see no saloon.

Travelers at the hotel have to wait until they can send out their orders on one train and get the return by the next before they can get a drink. This takes several hours. Streets that were almost dangerous a few months ago are quiet and orderly now. Everybody marks the change in them for the better, and all agree that the moral tone of the city is greatly elevated, although total prohibition is but a few days old. The friends of temperance are sure that if the question were submitted now, the majority for prohibition would greatly exceed that of last year. Happy Atlanta!

The BLADE has frequently admitted the fact that where a man has become a confirmed drinker it is impossible, so long as there is any Rum in the country, to prevent him from drinking. But this is a very small evil. These men would eventually die of Rum, were there no prohibitory laws; they only fulfill their destiny, and evade the law in order to get the poison wherewith to slowly destroy themselves. But note this fact in the above letter:

"Public tippling and treating is at an end. The open door of temptation to drink does not invite the youth of Atlanta."

When the present generation of sots and drunkards are laid in dishonored graves, there will not be a new crop of ruined young men to take their places. The Rum traffic will die a natural death, for there will be nobody (unless a recent immigrant) who cares for body-rot sufficiently to send away for it. The young men, the hope of the nation, are secure from the damning drink-thirst, which blights and withers like a curse.

The saloon is the worst feature of the entire Rum business, because it is the factor that reaches out at every hand to grasp the young, the heedless, and draw them into the infernal maelstrom which is sucking into its insatiable maw 75,000 men every year—an army in themselves! If prohibitory legislation had but one effect—that of closing every saloon in the land, as it has done in Atlanta—it would amply repay the people of the state. Read again what is said in the above letter of the material prosperity of Atlanta—how her working people are moving from poor tenements into comfortable houses, that money is plenty in the pockets of the people because it does not go for Rum, that workpeople are saving their wages and laying by a surplus for the inevitable rainy day. Some men drink in Atlanta, but it is plain that they must be but few as compared with the number when there was a saloon on every hand.

Yes; the saloon has gone—forever, we believe—from Atlanta, and the city is the better for its going. God speed the day when it shall be banished from every portion of our fair land! It has but one instinct—to defy law, to subvert public order, to breed contempt for the authority of law and its officers, and to increase the ranks of the vile and depraved. It is the one low, stagnant level in civilization, that catches all the sediment and scum of society, and becomes a breeding-place for the social malaria that wastes the nation.

The saloon is an economic error. It costs ten thousand times, nay, a million times more than it comes to. It is too expensive an institution to be desirable in any community. It is the hole in the people's pocket through which millions are lost yearly in the mud and mire of social degradation. It is not one of the assets of civilization, but a liability, a deficit, a something that we must get rid of if we shall ever hope for permanent prosperity. It is a survival of mental darkness and economic ignorance, a feature to be thrown out of our life as the progress of social evolution raises us to higher planes of living and clearer conceptions of our duty to ourselves and especially to posterity.

The saloon is a school of vice, educating men for poverty, for crime, for ruin, for hell. The nation staggers under the enormous tax, direct and indirect, with which it has burdened us—a tax which grows heavier year by year as the ranks of crime fill our jails and penitentiaries, as the throngs that have been reduced to beggary crowd our almshouses and other charitable institutions—and, worst of all, as the growing classes of idiots and lunatics, and of the halt, the lame, the blind, the children of parents under the curse of Rum, fill our asylums and demand care and support at the hands of the state.

The saloon must go; and if Prohibition, in the earlier years of its enforcement in any community or state, does no more than to blot it out, Prohibition has done well. A generation of Rum victims must pass to their graves before active efforts to evade the law will cease; but the Rum Power, shorn of the aid of the saloon, will be like a serpent with its fangs drawn, a toothless lion with its claws clipped. The saloon is the vital point of the warfare against Rum; and when it is once destroyed, the task will be an easy one to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE insurrection in Afghanistan is spreading.

OUR GREAT PREMIUMS.

There is going to be sharp competition for our premiums. Every mail brings us notices of intending competitors who send long lists of names to whom to send specimens to help them in their work. It is not singular, for these premiums were never equalled by any newspaper. Just think of it. A piano, a cabinet organ, sewing machines, and other articles of value. Compete for these premiums. If you don't win one you still get better pay for your work than you can in any other way, for whether you secure a premium or not you get your commission all the same.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

A Swiss engineer who has been engaged in the work has issued a pamphlet which claims to tell the truth about DELESSEPS'S ditch. His statement may be summed up as follows: Out of an estimated total of 150,000,000 cubic metres of excavation which will be required, only 16,000,000 have actually been accomplished, and this in the easiest part; there have been expended so far over $[illegible] of the $150,000,000 which DELESSEPS estimated the completed canal will cost; that it will cost fully $600,000,000 to complete the work, and take ten years' time to accomplish the remainder.

And, as if this were not discouraging enough, he goes on to tell of mismanagement and rascality in the work. Much of the money so far spent has been wasted by stupidity and dishonesty; some of the costly machinery purchased for the work is of no value, and much more of it has been damaged beyond repair; and altogether the work has been horribly bungled. Yet he is sanguine that the canal can be made a success, and expresses the hope that the various commercial nations of the world will assist by donations of money, and he especially calls upon the United States for aid. We fancy that if this country engages in any canal work between the two oceans it will dig one of its own on the Tehuantepec route.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

TWO PENDING BILLS.

There are two measures that will be pushed in Congress this winter—the redemption and refunding of the trade dollars, and a national bankruptcy bill. There is a bill for the former purpose now on the House calendar, with the endorsement of the Coinage committee, which authorizes the treasury to exchange at par standard silver dollars for all trade dollars which may be presented for redemption within six months from the passage of the bill. The pressure for the passage of this bill comes largely from Philadelphia, although there is quite an interest in it in New York.

The friends of the bankruptcy measure intend again this session to endeavor to secure action upon the bill which the House committee on the Judiciary has favorably reported. The consideration of this bill at the last session of Congress was defeated for political reasons. Some members who were in favor of the bill were understood to have refused to consider it because they did not care to have that question brought up as an issue in the Congressional campaign.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

We wish to call attention of the people who are inclined to listen to demogogues, and give ear to their preachments that a poor man is at a great disadvantage in this favored land of ours, to the illustration of their fallacy that CHESTER A. ARTHUR'S life gives. He was compelled to leave college and teach school at $15 a month in order to get the means to finish his education. He had to practice self-denial and economy, of course; but any poor young man must do that in order to lay the foundation of fortune. We ask them to recall that LINCOLN split rails and was a deck-hand on a river flat-boat; GARFIELD engineered a team of mules along the tow-path of a canal; ANDREW JOHNSON was a village tailor; GRANT was the son of a poor man; JAY GOULD was a peddler; and the list might be extended to name a large majority of the great or wealthy men of the country.

Poverty is no bar to a man if he has the right metal in him. The trouble with most men is that they wish, like the child, to both keep their cake and eat it. The great natural law of "the survival of the fittest" works constantly in the everyday affairs of life. A young man who starts out on a moderate salary and lives up to it or beyond it, will never amount to anything. He lacks the Spartan virtue of self-denial. A man must learn to save; he must seek every opportunity of self-improvement, mental and physical, if he ever hopes to elevate himself. There is no such thing as luck; and it is only the weak, self-indulgent, and the mediocre men who rail at fate and complain that they "haven't a chance."

THERE are some interesting facts concerning the newly-elected South Carolina legislature, which are not generally known at the North. The House of Representatives, with membership of 124, has 120 Democrats and 4 Republicans. One hundred and eighteen of its members are white and 6 are colored. The Senate, consisting of 34 members, has 32 Democrats and 2 Republicans. All of the Democrats are white and both of the Republicans are colored. At its next session the legislature will elect a successor in the United States Senate to M. C. BUTLER. Nearly all of the present members are new men, and some interest is felt as to their course. Efforts will be made to economize in all departments. Nearly all the new members are farmers, and they have organized for a campaign of reduction of taxation. It is said that they will oppose appropriations to the State university, Citadel academy, State canal, completion of the State-house, and other public measures hitherto regarded as established.

WE sincerely hope that the publishers of a Louisville magazine will persist in the determination to publish a full history of the great Northwestern conspiracy to free rebel prisoners at Chicago, Johnson's Island and Camp Chase, and to organize a movement in aid of the rebellion in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. JEFF DAVIS has written a letter expressing the hope that they will not do so, on the ground that those disclosures will affect persons now living in the North who were concerned in this treason. That is the very reason it should be done. The people in the North have an honest regard for those who met them in honorable warfare, but nothing but contempt for the cowardly ones who fomented treason and insurrection in the North to aid the rebel cause.

THERE are those who look for serious trouble as the result of the close legislative situation in Indiana. A Washington official whose home is Indiana thinks that there are but two possible outcomes: First, no election of United States senator, as filibustering will in certain contingencies be resorted to by both sides to delay an election on the contested election cases; second, the election of two persons as Senators, one by the Democratic majority of the Senate and Democratic minority of the House, and the other by the Republican majority of the House and Republican minority of the Senate.

AN INSULT TO THE LOYALTY OF THE NATION.

A wave of righteous indignation is sweeping over the country at the appointment of Dr. DABNEY, once a guard at the infernal Andersonville prison pen, to a place on the medical board of the United States Pension Office. No soldier who wore the blue, no unfortunate who endured the horrors of that living tomb, no patriot who remembers the oft-told tale of the sufferings of Union martyrs there, but feels the hot blood mounting to his cheek as he reads that one of the hell-hounds who guarded the Andersonville stockade has been deliberately placed in a position to pass upon the merits of the crippled and sick veterans who apply for pensions from the government they fought to maintain.

It is all very well to forgive the men who wore the gray and stood up in honorable warfare to defend the cause in which they believed. It is quite another thing, however, to honor a man who [illegible] active participation in the infernal scheme of starving Union prisoners of war, by confining them in a prison pen, without proper shelter or clothing, with sufficient food only to prevent the hardiest from dying outright from starvation, and where disease was inevitable from exposure, overcrowding, and the other miseries of their cruel fate. There is no doubt but that it was the purpose of the rebel government to deliberately cause the deaths of as many Union prisoners as possible, and to render the small remnant who escaped death incapable of ever bearing arms. The appointment should be revoked at once. It is an outrage—an infernal shame!

The ground enclosed within the stockade of the Andersonville hell bore a greater load of human suffering than any equal number of people ever endured in the same time. The prison pen was opened by a rebel officer, who, according to sworn testimony, declared that he proposed to "kill more Yankees" than the rebel armies were killing at the front. It was in command of an officer of whom, when ordered to perform this service, the rebel Richmond *Examiner* said:

Thank God that Richmond is at last rid of Old Winder. God have mercy on those to whom he has been sent!

The atrocities perpetrated there by the rebels in charge, of whom this DABNEY was one, were a disgrace to civilization, a stain upon the American name. No one who has read the terrible tale of woe and suffering and despair, as related by Col. MCELROY in his "Andersonville," will need to be reminded of them. For those not so fortunate as to have read that story, we append a brief history of the prison pen, which we clip from the Columbus *Dispatch*:

It was opened in February, 1864. In June, 1864, the pen contained 20,000 men. In July and August the number reached 35,000. The cruelties of the prison were most extensively practiced for about fourteen months. During that time 13,714 men were buried in graves near the spot—about 1,000 per month; almost 50 per cent. These men were not invalids. They were strong young men; among the very best physical specimens of manhood captured in battle during the war. Thirty-five thousand of them, at one time, were crowded into an open pen embracing 23 acres, six of which being a swale, left only 17 for occupancy.

Think of what a horror it must have been—35,000 men in a seventeen-acre field, fed upon so little food as to cause the walls of the stomach to collapse; with only the water to drink which flows, in a stagnant rivulet, through the middle of the area, and into which the sick are thrown the excrement of the population, to say nothing of the vile uses to which the stream is converted above the pen, and the reader will have but a feeble idea of the horrors of that place! It is not a matter of wonder that men died with joy when a rebel sentinel, one night, instead of proclaiming that all was well, cried out that Atlanta was "gone to hell!"

The various associations of ex-prisoners of war are already holding indignation meetings in prompt protest against DABNEY'S appointment. Every Grand Army post should promptly follow suit. Every patriotic man in the nation should raise his voice in condemnation of it. It was the exercise of the most generous forbearance on the part of the nation to allow any rebel who had anything to do with this living hell, to escape with his life. DABNEY and his fellows should be thankful that they were not shot, as justice would have dictated; and he should be so mindful of his past as not to attempt to rise out of his oblivion to insult the loyal heart of the nation.

The fat-witted child of luck who holds down the Presidential chair should not allow the loyal element of the North to be insulted with impunity by the masterful ex-rebel element that leads him about by the nose. A little attention on his part to the dictates of political decency would be in keeping just at present.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THE NATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM.

The country is rapidly reaching a point at which the question of how to maintain the national banking system will demand a prompt answer. The circulation of these banks is now secured by deposits of United States bonds in the treasury for the redemption of their notes. But the payment of the national debt is reducing the amount of bonds outstanding, and pushing them up to such a premium that it is not profitable to the banks to go into the market and purchase them for deposit as security.

A meeting of the Bankers' association was held in Boston several months ago, at which Comptroller of the Currency TRENHOLM invited suggestions from the bankers themselves as to an available plan for perpetuating and perfecting the national bank system. Quite a number have responded to this request, among them the vice-president of the Chase National bank of New York, who suggests the following novel plan:

First—Amend the national bank law, retaining all its restrictions, ramifications, powers, and privileges, so as to legalize the issue of circulating notes to the amount of 50 per cent. of capital without the deposit of bonds as security.

Second—In case of failure the currency to be preferred before any other liability.

Third—One per cent. per annum on this currency to be deposited in the treasury as a guarantee fund for the redemption of the notes of any broken bank whose assets may be inadequate to redeem its issue of currency.

This plan possesses several advantages over any other which has yet been proposed. Each bank can only issue notes to the amount of half its capital, and the notes, in case of failure, are to be considered a preferred liability. Then all the national banks in the country are to deposit one per cent. of their currency each year in the treasury as a guarantee fund for the redemption of the notes of any bank whose assets will not redeem its circulation. This would certainly give ample security for the redemption of the notes, as the results of 23 years' experience with the national banking system shows that not over one-tenth of this proposed guarantee will be required for the protection of noteholders against loss. The plan is one worthy of consideration by both the banks and Congress.

THE official returns from Virginia are significant. On the total popular vote the Democrats are in a minority of 20,859. Their majority in 1885 was 16,034. The decrease in the aggregate vote from 1885 is 63,753, of which the Democrats lose over 50,000. The course which these silent votes will take in 1888 is a question likely to engage the lively attention of both parties. Republicans have both incentive and encouragement to push the campaign in Virginia.

CHEAP HOLIDAY BOOKS.

For four weeks we will offer, postpaid by mail, the five books of our own publication: "Andersonville," "Nasby in Exile," "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," "Health and Beauty," and "Social Etiquette," when all ordered at once, for *Five Dollars*. At our regular price, when ordered one or two at a time, they would cost $6.50. We shall withdraw this offer after Christmas. Of these five books our total sales have been about 100,000. Every family should have the whole set. See descriptions of titles in another column.

THE REJECTED STONE.

At the very same time that Mr. CLEVELAND suspended United States District Attorney BENTON, of Missouri, for "pernicious political activity," in making speeches during the recent canvass, United States District Attorney STONE, of Pennsylvania, was also suspended for the identical offense, but not to have been so aggravated as reported in BENTON. The readers of the BLADE are familiar with the correspondence which followed between BENTON and the President, resulting in the former's reinstatement.

Mr. STONE thereupon wrote a letter to the President asking reinstatement on the very same grounds which procured pardon for Mr. BENTON. Mr. STONE claims that he never neglected his official duties, and that he can prove that his speeches were entirely free from personal rancor and abuse, and by no means of a nature to render him amenable to a charge of "pernicious activity" in politics.

In his letter to BENTON, the President admitted, first, that federal officials may make speeches "to their neighbors and friends" at any time and place, so that the speech-making does not interfere with the proper discharge of their official duties; second, that the speeches must be fair and decent. Now, STONE was admittedly within the limits of these admissions. Why, then, should he not have been reinstated?

Because he is a Republican, while BENTON is a Democrat.

Reduced to its lowest terms, this is exactly what CLEVELAND'S letter refusing to reinstate STONE means. He says that he supposed STONE'S "sense of propriety would cause him to refrain from pursuing such a partisan course as would wantonly offend and irritate the friends of the administration." He admits that STONE'S speech-making did not result in neglect of his official duties; "But," CLEVELAND goes on to say,

His conduct has brought to light such an unfriendliness toward the administration which he pretends to serve, and of which he is nominally a part, and such a consequent lack of loyal interest in its success that the safest and surest guide of his faithful service is in my opinion entirely wanting.

We think Mr. CLEVELAND falls into a fundamental error here—an error of the spoilsmen. A federal officeholder is a servant of the people, not of the administration. The office is created for the transaction of the public business, not for the purpose of perpetuating the administration of any person who, through a lucky chance, gets by accident into the Presidential chair.

His refusal to reinstate STONE, then, is because he is a Republican and did not support the administration of GROVER CLEVELAND while holding a federal office. The President's attitudes toward BENTON and STONE are inconsistent and ridiculous. He has made himself the laughing-stock of the nation. We have not the slightest objection to the removal of STONE, or any other Republican official, on the ground of his politics; but we protest against the removal of one man for the violation of the civil service order, and the reinstatement of another guilty of exactly the same offense, unless it is frankly stated that it is done because the one is a Republican and the other a Democrat. Let us have no more canting hypocrisy, Mr. CLEVELAND.

THE BLADE S

RAMBLER'S NOTEBOOK.

A Summer Vacation in Norway—A Talk on Norway and Its Government—Powers of the Storthing—How the Members are Elected—Adams Discourses on Ancient History Much to Gordon's Edification.

SEVENTH NOTE.

The landlord of our little inn at Soholt was exceedingly interesting whenever we could get him to talk of something besides his life and experience in America. To him the fourteen years he spent in the United States were a revelation, they emancipated him from the traditions and superstitions of centuries and transported him into a living, tangible present, it recreated him and gave him new ideas, new aspirations, new impulses. The metamorphosis had been so great that he imagined all the time that we must be deeply interested in the change as he was himself, and as a result we had great difficulty in making him talk, not upon that which we knew so well, but rather upon that which we had come to this Northern country to learn, something of the life, the customs and the habits of the Norwegian, more especially of the Norwegian peasants, how they lived and how they were governed.

"Our form of government," he said, after he had talked for an hour on the advantages the United States offered a foreigner who was competent and willing to improve them, "resembles in some respects that of your country. Our Constitution, which was proclaimed on November 4, 1814, is said to be one of the most democratic in Europe. The whole of the legislative and a part of the executive power is vested in the Storthing, the representative of the people. Storthing means literally, great court, and it and not the Crown exercises the greatest authority.

"Unlike your President the Crown can make but few appointments to public offices, and he has but a limited veto power. If he disapproves a measure he may veto it. If it passes the Storthing three successive times, it becomes a law without the assent of the sovereign. The king is not allowed to create a new nobility, titles having been abolished by law in 1821."

"How are the members of the Storthing elected?"

"Indirectly. That is to say, the whole country is divided, according to population, into electoral districts. At stated times these districts elect the electors assemble and chose deputies, who afterwards meet and elect from their own number, or from among the voters of the district, the persons who are to represent the constituency in the Storthing."

"Who are the electors who meet to choose deputies?"

"Every native Norwegian of 25 years of age, who is a burgess of any town, or who possesses property or the life rent of land to the value of $150 is entitled to the franchise."

"And how does the Storthing operate?"

"In the first place the Storthing is composed of two houses very similar to your Congress. One house—the Lagthing—which might be compared to your Senate, being composed of one-fourth of the members of the Storthing, and the other, the Odelsthing, equivalent to your House of Representatives, comprising the remaining three-fourths. All new measures must originate in the Odelsthing house, from which they pass to the Lagthing. If they are accepted and passed by the latter they become a law. If, on the other hand, the Lagthing rejects a measure that has been sent up to it after having passed the Odelsthing, the latter may demand a joint session, at which the measure is discussed and put to a vote, a majority being given to it by a majority of two-thirds of the members of both houses."

"Has the Storthing any further power besides the making of the laws?"

"Yes; has the power of forming itself into a Rigsret, or supreme court of the kingdom. This court is composed of the Lagthing and the Odelsthing combined. Impeachment of members and trials of ministers, judges and other servants of the state are heard before this tribual, whose decision is final—even over the veto of the king. In case of impeachment, the bill of accusation must always come from the Odelsthing."

"What part does Sweden play in their form of government?"

"By the constitution, which dates from May 17, 1814, though as I said before, some slight changes were made on Nov. 4 of the same year, owing to the union with Sweden, Norway is declared separate and independent state, united with Sweden under one king."

"But the two states form one realm, do they not?"

"In some respects they do. They are jointly represented abroad by ambassadors and consuls. Both Norway is governed by its own council of state, which consists of two ministers of state and seven others. One of the ministers, with two of the councilors of state, resides in Stockholm, where the king has his residence, while the remaining minister and five councilors of state form the executive of the Norwegian government. Norway has its own constitution and its own state bank; it is responsible for the Norwegian debt only; its revenues are expended solely in the interests of Norway itself, and it has its own separate army, navy and flag."

At this point friend Adams, who had been silently musing for some time, thought we needed a little information regarding the early history of the country we were visiting, and he ventured to express, in his kindly way, a desire to enlighten us upon the subject.

Gordon, who had been taking a long "constitutional" after breakfast, settled back comfortably in his chair, put one foot up on the railing, (we were sitting on the vine covered portico in front of the hotel) lighted his pipe and told Adams to go ahead.

Adams was just a little disconcerted by his teacher-of-feet-on-the-rail which Gordon optically himself back with an air that seemed to imply that he was well inured to all sorts of hardships and could even survive a lecture from Adams. However, his desire to benefit us overcame his natural diffidence and without ado he went on to tell us how the earlier history of Norway was embodied in myths, preserved in legend or embalmed in song.

"The Norwegians first presented themselves to the rest of Europe," said he, "as pirates, though in those days piracy was not looked upon as a crime. These bold Vikings, whose deeds and daring have formed the theme for poets' songs and novelists' romances in every tongue, were a hardy lot and were governed, as much as an impetuous natures would allow them to be governed, by petty princes whose natural love for adventure and gain led them to make continual war upon each other.

"Something over a thousand years ago, there came upon the scene one Harald Haarfager, under whom all the small kingdoms were united, he having by force of arms subdued all the other kings or petty rulers and made them dependent upon his bounty. From the Norwegians he also deprived of their privilege of fighting among themselves took to annoying their neighbors and England suffered repeatedly from their daring incursions.

"After a while Norway was attached to Denmark, and then the Danes and Norwegians combined under Sweyn and Canute for the conquest of England. A separation soon followed and the Scandinavian Kingdoms remained apart until 1387, when Queen Margaret became the sovereign of both countries.

"Until 1814 Norway and Denmark continued under one ruler, the former being under a governor who received his appointment from the Danish monarchs. The two countries were disjoined by the convention of Kiel, held on January 14, 1814, and the Norsemen were placed under the dominion of the king of Sweden. Marshal Bernadotte ascended the throne as Charles IV, and Johan, in 1818, was succeeded by his son Oscar, 1844, he by his son Charles XV in 1859, and Charles XV by his brother, the present sovereign, Oscar II in 1872."

As Adams finished his little sketch of the early history of the country Gordon knocked the ashes out of his pipe, rose to his feet and gravely said:

"Mr. Chairman:—It is my pleasant duty —aye, my grateful privilege, to arise and propose a vote of thanks to the honorable gentleman, who has just closed, for his learned and able disquisition—at once clear, concise and authentic—upon the early history of this great and glorious people we are now enjoying. I may say, Mr. Chairman, that never in the course of a long and variegated career have I listened to so eloquent a discourse, a discourse abounding in all the rhetorical beauties which our greatly esteemed guide, philosopher and friend, our own genial Adams, is so thoroughly the master, and which he knows so well how to——"

"Enough, Gordon, I implore you," exclaimed Adams, "Say no more, an' you love me, and I promise that at the next sederunt we discover you shall have all that thy insatiate stomach craves. Pence, be done, and let us leave this charming place, and hie us away to pastures new. Laudlord, will you see that we have a *kolljaerre* and a *carriole* that we may pursue our journey on to Vestness."

ROBINSON LOCKE.

Cause Three Fourths of the Deaths.

When you are under a severe exposure, from a sudden change of weather or temperature, put a Moxie Lozenge on your tongue and you are safe from a cold. Keep some in your pocket. 10 cts. for 36. For sale everywhere. Will save you piles of money and suffering.

A LADY'S STORY.

Sitting in the pleasant parlor of her house in Saratoga, N. Y., Mrs. Catharine A. Wigram, a lady past seventy-five years, told to the writer the following story: "I suffered with a painful tumor, also with constipation and rheumatism, kidney trouble and dropsy. However, better days were in store for me. My physician induced me to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

To Those Who Suffer From

these complaints, as I have, the result will be interesting, and for their sake I relate my experience. I had not used quite a bottle before the Rheumatism in the hip and the Kidney and Dropsical trouble was relieved. Considering my advanced age I am fairly well; and I am assured by my physician, and I know for myself, that my recovery is honestly attributed to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I know Dr. Kennedy personally, and had from the beginning all the more confidence in Favorite Remedy."

J. H. Bilyou, Hyde Park, N. Y., says: "As a cure for

RHEUMATISM

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has no equal. This I know from experience. For all bilious complaints there is nothing like it among all the medicines I ever used or knew of." To those who suffer from Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood, Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

STRIKE DECLARED OFF.

The Massachusetts Tanners Lose Their Strike and Their Jobs.

SALEM, Nov. 29.—The great strike of the tanners and curriers of Peabody and Salem, which began on July 12 with a demand that 59 hours constitute a week's work, was officially ended Saturday, when the various assemblies of the Knights of Labor of the two places met in mass meeting and declared the strike off. The men were advised to return to work wherever they could get it. The surrender was most complete, every point at issue being yielded, but it comes too late to be of much service to the strikers, the great body of whom have not only lost their jobs, but will now lose even the pittance they have been receiving during the strike from the district assembly of the K. of L. They asked to be permitted to return to work at the old terms, but, except in the case of a few skilled men, this is now impossible, as the tanneries have long been running with non-union men, and the manufacturers will adhere to the plan mapped out in the first place, and refuse to place themselves in the hands of the Knights.

It is a severe blow to the organization in this vicinity, and the coming scramble for work will make it still more difficult for the Knights and unions to hang together.

It is estimated that only about one hundred of the several thousands in Salem and Peabody will secure work in those places for some time to come. This will cause a good deal of suffering. Already many appeals have been made to the overseers of the poor for aid, and many of the families of the idlers will be dependent entirely upon charity.

—The only cough mixture before the people, that contains no opiates or narcotics is Red Star Cough Cure. Price, 25 cents.

The Co-Operative Scheme in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—The gentlemen who are trying to organize the Knights of Labor Co operative packing company appear to be having a hard time of it from outside influence and opposition. The leading men in the yards favor the scheme, and have offered to pay for their share of stock at once, but so far no money has been paid into the commission for incorporation. The feeling comes from antagonistic socialistic elements who are not in the trade and who think it will be ruin, even though not less than 500 wage-workers can hold the stock.

At a meeting of the English-speaking socialists, yesterday, Morgan, one of the principal opponents of the co-operative scheme, read a paper on the subject. He held that the trade should be opposed, as it would benefit, if successful, but a few men—the stockholders. In due time they would acquire some wealth and thus adopt monopolistic tendencies The scheme was simply a co-operation of individuals in the corporation to gain money. When these men became wealthy or got any money they would lose their interest in the wage-workers, and this be a bar to the universal co-operation, or a socialism of the state. Again, the scheme was not feasible, as the wealthy packers would crush them out by selling at lower figures than they could possibly afford, and with the selfish nature of man, the public, wage workers included, would buy where it could get most the cheapest. The chairman called for debate on the question. Only one man spoke for it.

Liberty's Light Shall Shine.

The current number of the New York Electrical Review pays this compliment to Mr. Edwards H. Goff, for his efforts to induce the President and other government officials at Washington to continue the illumination of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty enlightening the world:—

"He is highly creditable to the President of the American system of electric lighting that his efforts in behalf of the lighting of the Statue of Liberty were successful. Mr. Goff's visit to Washington and conference with the President and government officials effectively cleared away the official red tape, and as a very gratifying result to the entire country, the Goddess is again lighted."

A British Bark Burned.

GALVESTON, Nov. 27.—The British bark Drumadoon, 865 tons, for Liverpool, lying in the outer roads, awaiting the balance of her cargo, was discovered to be on fire this morning. In a few minutes the vessel was wrapped in a sheet of flames, including 3,700 bales of cotton. Tugs grappled her and towed her to Bolivar beach, where she now lies in fifteen feet of water. The vessel will prove a total loss. Part of her cargo can be saved, in a damaged condition.

—Extra fine Breech loading Shot guns! Reduced prices. Top bbl Parrels, Rebounding Lock, Plain Grip, Side Snap, $20; same Gun, Top Lever, $22; Bar Locks, Top Lever, $24; Laminated steel, Top Lever, Rebounding Bar Lock, Pistol Grip, patent forend, $30; Same, with Damascus Barrels, $35; 10 or 12 bore, 30 or 32 inch, 7¼ pounds to 9 pounds weight, Choke Bored, Lock, Stock, and trimmings all of superior quality. 25 Brass Shells, set of Loading Tools, Cleaner, Canvas Case, etc., sent free with each gun. Terms, cash, or 33 cash, balance C. O. D., privilege to examine. Address Great Western Gun Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa. (Catalogue free.)

Struck by Lightning While Husking Corn.

EDNA, Mo., Nov. 24.—Taylor McKenzey and his three sons were husking corn from the stalks yesterday in a field on their farm, when they were prostrated by a stroke of lightning. One of the sons, Luther L., aged 16 years, was instantly killed; another, William E., so severely injured that his life is despaired of, and the third, Benjamin S., is missing. What has become of him is not known, but it is supposed that he was either blinded or crazed by the shock, and wandered away. The father was only slightly injured.

A SUMPTUOUS GIFT!

FREE TO EVERY READER!!

Every reader of this paper who forwards his or her name and address, with the name of this paper, will receive free and postpaid one of the most magnificent books issued this season, a work in which author, publisher, and printer have vied with each other in producing something of great value and surpassing beauty.

This publication contains the papers prepared by Dr. R. C. Flower on "Popular Hygiene" for the American Spectator, and which have proved so exceedingly popular on account of their great practical value. They treat of subjects that interest every one, in a clear, original, vigorous, and common sense manner. The subjects discussed are:

1. Sleep.
2. Eating for Health.
3. Diet and Treatment of Consumption.
4. Diphtheria and Colds.
5. Choice extracts from recent essays by Dr. Flower on "Home Life."

In addition to the above, this princely volume contains an interesting biographical sketch of Dr. Flower's life and work, together with a remarkably fine portrait of the Doctor, engraved from a recent photograph by one of Boston's best artists.

This truly sumptuous volume is printed in blue-black ink, each page being bordered with carmine. The portrait of Dr. Flower is printed in fine photographic brown ink on plate paper. The binding is glazed plate paper, printed in gold, carmine, and black.

The publishers' price is fifty cents per copy, but every reader of this paper will receive this book free, postpaid, by sending his name and address to the

AMERICAN SPECTATOR PUBLISHING CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
J. W. KILBRETH, Pres. State Nat'l Bk.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 24, A. D., 1879.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following Distribution:

199th Grand Monthly
AND THE
EXTRAORDINARY QUARTERLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 14th, 1886,

Under the personal supervision and management of
GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
600 "	100	60,000
1,000 "	50	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100	"	200	10,000
100	"	75	7,500
2,279 Prizes, amounting to			$377,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

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New Orleans, La.
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Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

Publishers' Column.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

It was to break the monopoly that the BLADE commenced this business, and it has succeeded.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

ONE Gold Nugget and 20 fine Cabinet Specimens of Gold, Silver and Copper, covering all kinds of mineral, sent post-paid for $5. Please register all letters. J. M. KNIFFNER & CO., Chico, Gallatine Co., Montana Territory

$100 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES TO SUCCESSFUL MEN FOR SELLING OUR choice specialties. Apply immediately, with stamp, giving age. R. E. KNIFFIN, Patterson, N. J., Nurseryman.

40 rich photos, for cents only, 10c; Lovers' package, 10c. Novelty Co., Latham, O.

WANTED—Agents to canvass families for sale of Pratt's Patent Button Fastener. PRATT M'F'G. CO., Boston, Mass.

Books 3 Cents Each.

The following books, each one of which contains a complete first-class novel by a celebrated author, are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them handsomely illustrated, and printed from clear, readable type, on good paper: *The Mystery of Blackwood Grange*, by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming; *The Soul Genius*, by M. D. Conway; *The Story of a Storm*, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin; *Out of the Sea*, by Clara Augusta; *Agatha's History*, by Margaret Blount; *More Bitter than Death*, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; *Out of the Depths*, by Hugh Conway; *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid*, by Thomas Hardy; *The Curse of Carse*, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; *The Last of the Ruthvens*, by Miss Muloch; *Miss or Mrs?* by Wilkie Collins; *A Queen Amongst Women*, by the Author of "Dora Thorne"; *Carleton's Gift*, by Hugh Conway; *The Heir to Ashley*, by Mrs. Henry Wood; *A Dead Heart*, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; *A Shadow on the Threshold*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *The Double Bridge Mystery*, by Charles Reade; *Jasleden House*, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; *A Passing Shadow*, by "The Duchess"; *The Maxwell Farm Mystery*, by Wilkie Collins; *The Fatal Letter*, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; *The Bachelors' Bequest*, by Hugh Conway; *A Tale of Sin*, by Mrs. Henry Wood; *The Price of Marriage*, by Miss M. E. Braddon; *A Bridge of Love*, by the author of "Dora Thorne." Send 25 Cents and the entire number (21 books) for 50 Cents, both sets neatly bound in boards, with cloth back, for 75 Cents. Postage stamps taken. These are the cheapest books ever published, as they contain as three times the money asked for them. This offer is made to introduce our popular publications. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address, M. J. IJPPOD, Publisher, No. 8 Park Place, New York.

THE JEWEL SEAM RIPPER!

The Most Practical Instrument Ever Invented for Ripping Any Kind of Sewing
SIMPLE YET PERFECTLY EFFECTIVE.
Every Woman who has a Sewing Machine Wants One.
Agents can Sell Hundreds in Every Community. Retail, 25c. a. Each. Samples Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price. Address THE JEWEL MAN F'G. CO., Toledo, Ohio.

ABOUT HONDURAS.

Col. Donan Thinks It Is a Poor Place for Americans.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—A few months ago, Col. "Pat." Donan, of Dakota, was filling the newspapers with lurid and enthusiastic predictions in regard to the vast sums of money awaiting enterprising Americans in Honduras. He has now returned from a trip of inspection in that country, and thinks it is the last place that an American should seek for an investment.

"It has valuable mines," he says, "but they are inaccessible. There are no roads, and for many miles the only means of travel you have is on the back of an Indian carrier, who journeys over a path on the very backbone of the earth, often not wider than two feet, and where, if he were to step aside, it would be over precipices a thousand feet high.

"There are telegraph lines through the country, but they belong to the government, and were established for military purposes. The topography is too rough for railroad purposes, and I do not think that foreign investors, however much they may be encouraged by Pres. Bogran, will be liable to place their money in the country. There are Americans there now, but I cannot say how well they are doing."

Crushed to a Jelly.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Nov. 27.—John Potter was instantly killed in a dreadful manner yesterday at Anchor, this county. He was operating a portable heater hay press, and had crawled into the machine to adjust it, when a weight of iron, weighing a ton and a half, dropped down on him. His head and shoulders were crushed to a jelly.

The Rocky Mountain Cabinet.

A set of 20 beautiful Mineral Gems and Petrifications, systematically arranged and cemented to a card in a neat box, with the name and place from which it came printed under each specimen. Our regular price for this Cabinet is 35c., but in order to secure new agents to sell our immense curiosities, we will for the next 60 days send the handsome cabinet, with circular describing our mines, specimen envelope for 10c. silver and three two-cent stamps. You get greater returns for your money in knowledge, science, and fun by purchasing one of these Cabinets of Rocky Mountain Minerals than you can ordinarily obtain for ten times the cost. Cut this out, for it will not appear again. Address

TERRILL & KEARNY,
Denver, Col.

FREE for 10 days. Will send Sample Copy of Magazine, "LEISURE HOURS," on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. Address P. O. Box 1871, New York.

Have You Brains?

If so, test them on our great Japanese Combination Puzzle, the greatest mythological illusion of the age. It is made from delicately scented Japanese wood, and its embellishments are the highest production of Japanese art. Never before introduced in America. We will furnish it, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, and positively guarantee it to be worth more simply as an ornament or curiosity. Large sales for agents and streetmen.

BROADEY & CO.
803 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

BEE Weekly—Sixteen Pages. JOURNAL, Chicago, Ills. $1 a year. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

PILES For cheap, simple cure, send 10 cents and stamp addressed envelope to E. WOODS, 109 Frank street, Akron, O.

TO MAKE LITTLE FOLKS HAPPY

We send the Delightful Story, TRESSY'S CHRISTMAS, by MARGARET SIDNEY, to any child whose address is sent to us with a 2-cent stamp for mailing.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston.

The Best Magazines are: BABYLAND, 50 cts.; WIDE AWAKE, $2.40; OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, $1; THE PANSY, $1 a year. Send to.

D. LOTHROP & CO., 32 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

Illustrated 32-page Christmas Greeting Free.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County to act as our Agents. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for full information. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 34 ARCADE, CINCINNATI, O.

CHARLES HALSEY MOORE,
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No. 11 Clinton and 21 Bond St., Plattsburgh, N. Y.
City facilities at country prices for Collections, Loans, Care and Management of Estates. New York, Boston and Washington business given special attention. All inquiries promptly answered.

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NEW BLADE BUILDING, Toledo, O.

The best facilities for an Art Education in the United States.

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ALSO THE FINEST ART GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS IN THE WEST.

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A valuable pamphlet on Art Education sent free on application.

THE BEST
BOOKS
For the Winter.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book-store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friends, every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE.

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 320 pages. Original price $1.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.38, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $2.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.88.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Gouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining both health and beauty, and is unimpeachable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.88.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of society, with the reasons for and the usefulness thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.80.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

The Youth's Companion

WILL PUBLISH

In the volume for 1887 an article written for it by the Marquis of Lorne and specially ILLUSTRATED for the COMPANION by the Princess Louise,

The Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne

ENTITLED

"The Wonders of the Cascapediac."

Depicting the delights and the dangers of a Canadian Stream, the most wonderful Salmon River in the World. This is a record of the personal experience of the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne.

New Subscriptions sent at once, with $1.75, will include the Companion free from the time the subscription is received to Jan. 1, 1887, and a full year from that date.

Price, $1.75 a year. Sample Copies Free.
Please Mention this Paper.

Address PERRY MASON & CO., Publishers, 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

BIG PAY for LITTLE WORK!

Every Friend of the Blade Should Read this Carefully.

$2,000.00!

To Be Given Away in Premiums!

WHO WILL GET THEM?

The Blade Company wants to Give Away $2,000 in Valuable Property, which it proposes to do in this way:

WE OFFER—

For the largest number of subscribers sent us by any one person between the date of this issue and the First of May, 1887, A FIRST CLASS STANDARD PIANO, worth	$650 00
To the one sending us the next largest number, A CABINET ORGAN, worth	300 00
To the one sending the third largest number, A FIRST-CLASS SINGER SEWING MACHINE, worth	75 00
To the raisers of the next 25 largest, each A BLADE SEWING MACHINE, worth each	18 00
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs a choice of books, either "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile," worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs, each a Waterbury Watch, worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs a choice of the books "Social Etiquette," or "Health and Beauty," worth each	1 00
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs, a copy of the magnificent steel engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Pegress," worth $10 each, but sold by us at	1 00

Now, mind you, here are 328 premiums to be given 328 people, no matter how few subscribers they send in. We shall keep an accurate record of the names sent in by the contestants, and on the first day of May, 1887, the premiums will be awarded from our books. And please remember this: If you are going to send any clubs at all, you may as well try to reach one of these premiums. You get the commissions you are entitled to, in accordance with our terms to agents, which have been sent all who applied for them, just the same. These premiums are over and above commissions, and have nothing to do with them. If you send ten subscribers you retain your commission just the same, paying you for your work, anyhow, and if the ten should entitle you to one of these premiums you get the premium in addition to your commissions. Now note

CONDITIONS:

Those intending to contest for these premiums should so state in each letter containing names and remittances, and the number of subscribers they have sent, that they may know, as well as ourselves, how many they are getting.

These premiums are awarded for yearly subscribers, but in the competition four three months subscribers will be allowed to count for one yearly, and two six months for one yearly. In these cases our three and six months rates must be observed.

If you send single names your commissions to be retained will be at the rate made known in our postal card to agents. When you remit in clubs of ten your commission will be larger, as stated in our terms.

We will not accept checks upon country banks, as it costs a heavy percentage to collect. Currency in registered letters, drafts on New York or Chicago, postal orders and postal notes are what we take. Never send postage stamps if you can help it.

These premiums will not be allowed the regular Subscription agencies. They are only for those who make an effort to earn them by extending the circulation of the paper.

Who May Secure These Premiums?

Any one who has a little time to spend in the day time or evening—school-teachers, farmers' wives or daughters, boys or girls, mechanics' wives or daughters, any one who has a little energy, and some acquaintance in a neighborhood. THE WEEKLY BLADE is the easiest paper in the world to premiums for. It is the handsomest, best-edited, largest, and best paper in the world. Everybody knows of it, it needs no talking about, but if any one wants a paper and knows the difference between a good and bad article they will take the BLADE at once. It has the largest circulation of any Family Newspaper in the United States, which it has attained solely on its merits.

Drop a postal card asking us to send special terms to Agents.

SPECIMEN COPIES

Will be sent to you in any number that you want. You should have specimens to show, as the showing of a specimen to a newspaper reader settles it. Send for as many as you can use, and they will be promptly mailed to you.

IN CONCLUSION.

Go to work now at once, and earn one of these premiums. Of course only a few can secure the big premiums, but if you don't get any, you will get good pay for what work you do. At least one person at every postoffice can make a very acceptable addition to their pocket-money this winter by canvassing for the BLADE. The old, reliable family paper of the United States. And it is not going to take very much work to secure the big premiums, or one of the smaller ones anyhow.

What we are after is a circulation of 200,000 before May 1, 1887, and we are willing and anxious to pay for the work of getting it. Those who want to participate in this work will get all the aid from us that they want.

Get at the work at once. Address

BLADE COMPANY,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE BEST
SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD
IS THE
BLADE!

IT IS THE BEST,
IT IS THE CHEAPEST,
AND
IT IS THE HANDSOMEST.

Since the introduction of the Blade Machine, less than nine months ago several thousands have been placed in as many homes. That they have given perfect satisfaction the following testimonials, which are only two out o thousnnds, abundantly show:

WHITE CITY, Aug. 9.

It has been some time since I received my machine. Had most of my sewing done before it came; so I have been using it but little. An agent called one day since I have had it; he wished to look at it; he did and pronounced it a good machine; but he called it a bapa machine because the patent had run out. I like it very well. It did not work just right at first but is all right now.

MRS. G. SNEDAKER.

COLDWELL, Kas., July 23, 1886.

Received machine next day after writing you came in good shape. My wife is well pleased with it.

M. F. MCFADDEN.

SENECAVILLE, O., Aug. 2, 1886.

The Blade Sewing Machine ordered of you June 7, came to hand the last of June or first of July in good condition; have been using it more or less ever since; it runs light and easy, works well on any and all fabrics either light or heavy. I have used the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Howe, Singer and Domestic, and I like the Blade Machine better than any of them. A month's use has convinced me that it is all the manufacturers claim for it. Others here talk of purchasing the Blade Machine.

SIBYLLA NETMAN.

CORBETT, Kas., July 21, 1886.

The machine has come all right. Like it, too.

MRS. L. W. HANDY.

Excellence is of course the first point, but price is almost as important What good is the best machine if it is out of reach of the people? The Blade Machine was made to break the prices of this indispensible household adjunct. All of the monopoly machines sold through agents cost you from $35 upward. We sell direct to the people, a better machine, betrer finished and better in principle, for less than half. We give you the Blade Sewing Machine for $18, and send you the Weekly Blade one year.

If you want a machine order it at once. There will be a rush for it next month, and you should get in your order at once.

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The cheapest watch in the world. Jewelers puzzled and astonished. A limited number of the celebrated American watches, Hereafter a low-priced watch has been the poorest of investments, being of no value as a time-keeper and a constant source of annoyance and expense to its owner. This watch is a marvel of accuracy and cheapness, and I am now for the first time in the world's history able to offer a low-priced, perfectly reliable time-keeper suitable for use on railroads, steamers and all other places where accurate time is required.

The movements are genuine American make, known the world over for their excellence and fine finish, having expansion balance, quick train of eighteen thousand beats to the hour, straight line escapement, all lobes to sweeping regulator, exposed pallet, safety winding barrel stem wind, pendant set. The cases are snap-hunting, finely engraved and ornamented, and fitted with the best quality of crystal glass. They are a heavy 14-karat solid rolled gold plate which I guarantee to stand all acid tests.

For centuries it was supposed that the delicate machinery required for watch-making could only be made by the most skilful and careful workmen, and watches, consequently, commanded higher prices. They were a luxury to be indulged in only by the rich, while the rest of the people were forced to rely on the town clock for the time of day.

I organized for Yankee brains and Yankee ingenuity to dispel this idea, and to convince the world that as good watches could be made by machinery as by hand, and offered at such prices as brought them within the means of the commonest mechanics and laborers. Thanks to the mechanical genius of America, watches are no longer a luxury, but have been brought within the reach of all.

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia the Swiss Commissioner, Mr. Ed. Favre Perrett bought one of the American watches for his own pocket, and in his celebrated report to the Hor

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

I have been very much interested lately in the articles in the New York *Tribune*, about the New York working women, written by Mrs. Helen Campbell, who is going among them for the purpose of ascertaining exactly how they live and what their probable condition in the future will be. The picture she draws is full of the direst misery, and it makes one who is earning a comfortable living at any honest employment away from the crowded city draw a long breath of thankfulness that her lot has been cast elsewhere, and if she is a sensible woman, it will be accompanied with a determination to stay away from a place where every avenue of industry, in all except the higher vocations that demand special training, are crowded to overflowing. I do not suppose, however, that even a knowledge of all the facts that these papers show to the world would have the power to deter many young girls, whose hearts are throbbing with a wild anxiety to enjoy its pleasures, from going to the city, trusting to their good fortune to find work and friends, where so many have tried before to their utter ruin, or to meet and battle with a misery of which they had not dreamed.

Mrs. Campbell is telling no fancy story but hard, bitter facts when she speaks of women making what are known as Mother Hubbard nightgowns at $1.30 a dozen, and being glad to get all the work they could do at that. If they were certain of steady employment at those wages, their condition would not be so bad, but in these days of fierce competition, manufacturers are looking upon every side of them to find how they can lessen expenses, and very often the women who were depending upon this work to live from day to day, are suddenly thrown out entirely by the use of machinery, or the transfer of the factory to some location where labor may be had at even lower rates than these. This does not seem possible and yet we are assured that, located in country places, and there are hundreds of women who will do the labor thus cheaply at their homes in order to obtain a little spending money. This is the case with many of the factories that have been removed from New York city into New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where "rent is a mere song, and where girls flock in from the adjacent country, eager for the work that represents something higher than either ordinary mill work or the household service they despise."

Elsewhere, the words of one of the workers in whose life, to use the writer's expressive phrase, "hope was dead," is given, and their mingled pathos and desperation tells a sad story, and one that gives food for much serious thought. Here it is:

"I've worked eleven years. I've tried five trades with my needle and machine. My heartiest day has been fourteen hours, for I had the work and they had to be fed. There's not one of them I don't know well. It isn't work that I've any trouble in getting. It's wages. Five years ago I could earn $1.50 a day and we were comfortable. Then it began to go down—$1.25—then $1. There it stopped awhile, and I got used to that, and could even get some remains of comfort out of it. I had to plan to the last half cent. We went cold often, but we were never hungry. But when it fell again—to 90 cents—to 85. For a year the best that I can do I have earned but over 70 cents a day—sometimes only 75. I'm 62 years old. I can't learn new ways. I am strong. I was never strong. I run the machine fourteen hours a day with just the stoppings that have to be to get the work ready. I've never asked a man alive for a penny beyond what my own hands can earn and I don't want it. I stopped at the clothes, whatever they mean, means what it all means. It's His world and His children in it, and I've kept myself from going crazy many a time by saying it was His world and that somehow it must all come right in the end. But I don't believe it any more. He's forgotten. There's nothing left but to do that live to grind the face of the poor; that cheats when there's a new way of making a cent or two more a week out of starving women and children. I never thought I should feel so; I don't know myself, but I tell you I'm ready for murder when I think of these men. If there's no justice above it isn't quite dead below; and if I meet with murder will not heed, the men and the women without a penny will find some day. How? I don't know. We've no time to plan, and we're too tired to think, but it's coming somehow, and I'm not ashamed to say I'll join in if I live to see it come. It's seas of tears that these men sail on. It's our life-blood they drink and our flesh they eat. God help them if the storm comes, for there'll be no help in man."

Reading this and one's whole sympathies go out towards these working women for whom neither God nor man seem to have pity. We are tempted to anathematize, without stint or qualification, the selfishness of the employer who could thus grind the face of the poor in order to fill his own pockets. But is it always or even generally true that he does? There may be another side of the question. In the same article a conversation with one of these same manufacturers is given. He said:

"What can we do? If there were any power quicker than steam, or any way of managing so that women could run only six machines, that would have to come next, else every one of us would go to the wall together, the pressure is so tremendous. Of course there's no chance for the women, but then you must remember there's precious little chance for the employer either. This competition is a sort of insanity. It gluts the market with cheap goods, and gives a sense of prosperity, but it is the death of all legitimate, reasonable business."

And farther on:

"The whole system of business is rotten, and there will have to be a reconstruction clean from the bottom, though it's the men that need it first. We're the maddest nation for money on the face of the earth, and the race is a more killing one every year. I'm half inclined to think sometimes that mankind will soon be pretty much a superfluity, the machines are getting so intelligent, and it may be these conditions that seem to upset you so are simply means of killing off those that are not wanted, and giving place to a less sensitive order of beings. Lord help them, I say again, for there's no help in man."

He was thoroughly sincere in what he said, having a hearty sympathy with the working people, but yet, believing that self-preservation is the first law, if the question came as to which must go under he would fight hard that it might not be the employers instead of the employed.

There are cruel monopolies and souless corporations to whom the welfare of their employes is a cypher, but they are not yet the majority, though numerous enough to raise questions as to the future upon the part of labor, such as are now agitating the world.

It was not of these, however, that I wanted to speak. My purpose in making the quotations above from Mrs. Campbell's papers was an entirely different one. It was to discourage the army of girls in country homes, who know nothing whatever of the difficulties which they will have to meet, from flocking to cities where they imagine that work and wages can be had for the asking. Except in one direction of which I shall speak by and by, perhaps, this is not so. There are already more than enough to fill the places to be supplied, and the new comers, unless by the merest chance, will find themselves strangers in a place where all is hurry and, to their eyes, the direst confusion, with no resources and no promise for the near future. The delights which moved them from afar, recede at their approach or disappear altogether. Better far, if they must work, or need to support themselves, unless they are skilled in some thing for which there is always a market, remain where they are known, and will be far more likely to find some kind of remunerative employment, or at least what will enable them to live without starvation, or worse, staring them in the face.

I am moved to say this because of the number of letters from young girls that are constantly coming to me, asking my assistance to find work here, or my advice about going to other cities, and how to proceed in order to obtain something to do there. Most of them are living in small country towns; many have comfortable homes, but they are anxious to earn money, and they imagine that their chances will be greater in a large city. This is most emphatically not true, unless they have some trade or profession for the products of which there is no market elsewhere than in the great centers of population. Even then, they should not go unless they have some friends or acquaintances who know the ways of the city, and can advise them, and also some means upon which they can live while waiting for the opening that will permit them to get an industrial foot wedged in.

I do not want to discourage any enterprising young woman from attempting to better her condition, but I do desire to warn her against rushing ignorantly, and without preparation, into places, the dangers of which she has no means of judging. At the best she will find many drawbacks which do not pertain to her work in the country. The cost of living is far greater in many ways, so if she gets work at all, her wages must be much greater to permit her to have any sort of comfortable home. In the words of the homely old saying "Look well before you leap."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Shelf Lambrequin.—Get three shades of green felt, or of whatever color will best accord with the room. Cut three strips of different widths, each one a third deeper than the other. Let the widest be of the darkest shade, the second of the next lighter, and the third of the lightest. Cut one edge of each in points of uniform size and depth. Baste them together so that the points of the upper and other piece come exactly over each other, while those of the middle one just between. Nail the straight edge to the shelf with gilt-headed nails. Put small acorns, gilded, or small cones upon each point. If these cannot be obtained, use some little fancy ornament.

A very pretty little ornament can be made in this way. Take eggs, and after getting the shells free from the inside, cut them down about one-third. Crochet or net a fine silk bag to put them in, having the silk of bright colors. Plant seeds of grasses in them, or a fine vine, and then swing them wherever they will look the prettiest, taking care to keep what grows cut down so it will not entirely cover the pretty holder.

Many suggestions about gifts and decorating the home will be found in "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which may be had by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Directions for Oriental Painting.—First, select glass free from flaws, scratches and bubbles, then clean it with spirits turpentine. Lay the bouquet—flowers, fruit, or whatever you wish to print—on the table. Place the glass over it, then with pen, ink or paint trace the outline of each flower, leaf, or whatever you wish to paint, with fine marks. Be careful not to let the glass move while doing this. Paint the outside round the bouquet, or background, with black, white or blue mixed with white varnish; after that is dry, paint the flowers. The inside lines of the leaf may be painted with green, darkened a little, or put on clear with heavy lines. The carmine for the flowers and the leaves may be darkened a little or put on clear with heavy lines. Other flowers are out-lined in a similar manner. Paint the stock of the flowers green. Paint the two upper leaves of the violet purple, and the three lower ones yellow, with little shades of purple or blue. Paint the carnation, grind it fine, mix with white varnish and spirits turpentine. Tulips painted yellow, touched with a little red, the blue to be light must be put on thin. Yellow lake mixed with blue makes green. For the various shades take Vandyke brown. To give the picture that gilded finish or appearance, crinkle silver foil and place back of the flowers. After the paint is dry cover the silver foil with tin or black cloth bedded in putty round the edges to cover up the paint and hold the foil. All the colors used are carmine, Prussian blue, Yellow lake and Vandyke brown. For painting use the sable brushes.—E. F. SUTRI.

To Prepare Canvas.—M. P. Ives, Stevensville, Montana Territory, asks in HOUSEHOLD how to prepare canvas for oil painting. If his desire is to make his own canvas at a less expense than it can be got ready prepared and stretched, I will tell a way of preparing it 30 years ago and I still so prepare them occasionally. Get any carpenter to make the stretchers and it should not cost over 20 or 25 cents. Then get new brown factory, fine and even in its warp and woof, nail it to the stretchers good and tight with small tacks. Any one can nail on the slath that is mechanic enough to joint pictures. After it is firmly and smoothly fastened to the stretchers paint it over with common white lead paint ground in oil, once or twice as you may fancy. It wants to be painted thick enough to fill the cloth well with point. Some artists put a trifle yellow ochre into the paint to soften the dead white color. Also blue to soften the tints. Light, red and white are the main colors used. Mix in different proportions. For dark shadows I have seen Cassel earth used as the umbers.—I. M.

P. S.—Would like to write a few lessons on China painting if this should prove acceptable.—I. M., Burlingame, Kansas.

Will be glad to have them.—ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam; p st, seam stitch; n, narrow; s, slip; and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; s s st, slip stitch; c st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s s st, open shell stitch; sh sc, shell crochet.

Knitted Mittens.—Some one wanted a mitten pattern, cast-on to each of two needles, 24 stitches, on third needle 32 stitches, or any number divisable by eight. Knit five rounds plain. 6th round—n—tto—repeat. Knit five rounds plain. Turn edge of work up inside, pick up and knit with each stich one loop from the edge for a French hem. 1st. 14th round k 1—tto—k 2—n—k 2 together, pass s over—k 2—tto—repeat. Knit two rounds plain. 17th, 20th, 23d, 26th rounds like 14th. Intermediate rounds plain. 29th round k 2—tto—k 1—s 1—k 2 together pass s over—k 1—tto—k 1—repeat—k two rounds plain. 32nd round—k 3—tto—s 1—k 2 together pass s over—k 2 tto—k 3—repeat. The next twenty-one rounds are knit in ribs, alternating 2 stitches plain and 2 purled. For hand, fancy back, 25 stitches are required; start the thumb, seven stitches to the right for one hand, and seven stitches to the left of the 25 for the other. 1st round, s and b—k 3—tto—s and b—n—tto—n—tto—k 1—tto—k1—tto—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—s and b—tto—k 3—n. 2nd round plain. 3rd round s and b—k 2—tto—k 17—tto—k 2—n. 4th round plain. 5th round, s and b—k 1—tto—k 2—s and b—n—tto—n—tto—k 1—tto—k 1—tto—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—s and b—k 2—tto—k 1—n. 6th round plain. 7th round, s and b—tto—k 21—tto—n. 8th round plain. To narrow off have the number of stitches divisable by nine on the needles; k 7—n—repeat the round. Knit 7 rounds plain 10th round k 6—n—repeat. Knit 6 rounds plain; 17th round, k 5—n—repeat—knit 5 rounds plain. 23d round, k 4—n—repeat—k 4 rounds plain. Now narrow once on each needle *in every round* until only 4 stitches remain, then narrow twice.

This is a very pretty mitten if not to lengthy for publication.—Miss KITTIE DENNIS, Muskegon, Mich.

Correspondence.

MORE ABOUT OUIDA.—No. 2.—But to the subject. This woman that as Ouida says "would ignore all matters of national or universal import you will frequently find tolling like a slave trying to take every burden from the husband so that he may achieve his ambition and rise in the world—a thousand instances of such to the one man who has ever toiled silent and ceaselessly for the public aggrandizement of his wife. It is only honest men—yet they are many who have given honors to their wives and revealed to the world the real secret of their success—the private influence and never tiring co-operation of their wives. It is even insult to man to flaunt to the world that he is the brother, the father, the husband, and even the offspring of a thing who cares nothing for his interest—that she is a being "constantly belittling and injurious to his intelligence"—that the most admirable type of woman has not enough knowledge of constancy to expect his constancy in return.

That woman has not the privilege to help decide in national affairs and matters of import is no reason she would ignore that right had she the power. Although she has the same moral right to say man shall not vote that man has to say she shall not vote, yet she submits to man's government of herself and all that is dear to her, although she sees his laws blighting her hopes and cursing her dearest interests. Yes, sees her husband, dear to her as life, her sons the brightest hopes of long years of self denial and motherly devotion, lured by temptation, dragged to destruction by demon influence, supported by laws which are made by the help of rum crazed brutes and selfish foreigners, many of whom are antagonistic to our government and ignorant as to the nature of either law or freedom.

Woman may pay $1,000 annual tax and yet her desire to have a voice in law be met with sneers by beings who are only sponges in the world. Often have I heard just such men say, "A woman has no business meddling with men's affairs, her place is in the house. If she is going to vote she has got to plow and go to war." But such men are usually too cowardly to fight unless it be to abuse a woman, and too lazy to plow unless it be into other folks affairs. You will more easily find them behind the liquor bar—and not unfrequently before it. Absurd nonsense! Might as well say, "Every man who votes has got to plow and go to war—even if there be no war." It is such men who can see no impropriety in woman's property—her's by earning or inheritance squandered by men in low debauch and she be powerless to say him aught, and perhaps feel no smypathy when such contracted debts sell her out of house and home—even her children for whom she has wrecked health and happiness, can be torn from her by a husband who perhaps never lost one hour of sleep for their welfare and no law will give redress but if in wild frenzy at her wrongs she commit a crime that law will punish her the same as man. So much for woman's "Tyranny." And yet we find one base enough to heap insult on injury. But thank God! Such women who make pretence to intellect are scarce. Most women who turn themselves loose and are ashamed to sit nurse, teacher, lecturer or editress are almost invariably true to their sex.

It was a women who edited during the rebellion one of the strongest sheets in favor of patriotism and "freedom," doing an incalculable amount of good for the nation which ignored her vote. Same with those who worked so manfully in the hospitals. And one of our most successful spies was a woman, who risked as much as any man for the welfare of the nation. If woman will thus labor for a government which places her inferior to the lowest type of citizen, if allowed a voice in the government, would appreciate the honor and be stimulated to higher motives and requirements to use the power for national benefit and the uplifting of humanity.

Look at the slave of 25 years ago, thought by many to be scarcely human—at least all human rights insulted. A little over twenty years of freedom has expanded his intellect and raised him from the degradation of the brute to the owner of well regulated farms and the thrifty, industrious citizen. Is woman inferior to the African, that she should not improve the boon when given her? Notwithstanding Ouida's to the contrary, the ability of woman is equal to that her indifference toward national good goes hand in hand with ignorance. But she is emerging from the darkness of prejudicial ages. She is taking her place in many of the professions as an equal with man. Let her have right in national affairs and she will go farther. Prove that can be man's equal—equal in matters which tend to the morals and elevating of the race. She will have other themes than dress to occupy her mind. Her ambition will reach toward broader fields and purer fountains and the world will be purified thereby. If we have used extreme language it is only to express extreme acts as they are extreme have prompted them.

If every true woman would resent such insult to their womanhood, soon would men recognize them as they should be—equals and co-operators for the good of humanity, and such female prigs as Ouida would not find it profitable to thus abuse her sex because tickling to the vanity of selfish men—falsely imagining that woman's littleness is their exaltation—for their interests and relationships are too near for either man or woman to abuse the other's natural claims. I believe the ten commandments to be for man as well as woman, and that "all men—women included—are created free and equal," endowed with the same inalienable rights, and that the time will come when such shall be recognized.

Then, again, that "woman should blame herself on account of her own defects or lack of charms or power to keep him," is good in a certain degree. If woman would have more control of her person, or of her husband, then would there be smaller families. She would have time to better preserve her charms, also her intellect, than what children she did have to better advantage, and did she exert her equal right with man instead of being his slave or play thing—excusing his dishonor or caprice—she might then have "power to keep him," but never as the weak, don't care thing, Ouida terms "clever" and so allures.

Lastly and farthest beneath a sensible or honest person, either woman or man: "In marriage moreover the influence of the woman, whatever popular opinion pleads to the contrary, is constantly belittling and injurious to the intelligence of the man." We have seen a good deal of the world and know many of human nature as it is and should be. A man in this western country from 25 to 35 years of age, if wild and penniless, is excused thusly: "He has no one to care for—he is having a good time and squandering ashe goes." Now is that habit of squandering as he goes calculated to create a man intellectually or otherwise? How does he squander? Ninety per cent. on the dollar goes perhaps directly or indirectly to the nurturing of vice. Not five per cent. goes toward the elevating of humanity. The man without a home or anchorage spends his time more in frivolity. A married man looks more to a steady business or profession. The hours spent by the single man in gambling dens, liquor saloon, houses of ill fame or with frivolous women, are by the married men usually spent in reading, self improvement or in amusement with his children or by which to lighten the burden of an overtaxed wife, which naturally strengthens his moral nature and who can say that the intellect does not expand with the soul. Or is studying the means of happiness for wife or child "constantly belittling and injurious to that intelligence of the man." I admit there are men who have lived so long single and formed such evil habits in their wild squandering not only of time and money but morality, that their manhood has become so degraded that no influence of woman not even an angel could work in them reform, and no matter how well a woman may get in love she had better let him pass—for a few months of heartache is better than a life of it and degradation for her children.—ANNA H. CARPENTER.

ABOUT CHICKENS.—Four years ago we moved from the city onto the farm "to train up our five boys in the way they should go." I raised chicks every year like other folks, but this spring I wished to raise just as early as the hens would sit. Mr. A. allowed me to use his grain bin to set them. The 1st of March I put in four hens and tied them with muslin strings to keep them "each in her little own." I gave them trial eggs, and when all got content, gave them each a full nest of eggs, removing the first of course. All did well, and I then stretched a cord and hung a curtain, making four more corners and put in four more hens and they hatched over a hundred chicks. The three first broods were March chicks and I let each hen have her own birds for the sake of warmth enough for the time of year and I sold them the last of June for eight dollars. The April chicks I put to feed to the hen and had 180 by the 5th of May. I learned that setting hens prefer corn only for food. I kept corn, water and ashes in their reach and cleaned every day. I must confess a mistake I made to cause some of you a loss. We lost two hens who were troubled with lice, and just before they hatched, I thought I would grease them to save the chicks, and it so closed the pores of the eggs as to smother and kill the chicks in the eggs. I prefer setting chicks and have it off my hands and have my time to make and tend garden in May and June, and then be ready for putting up the fruit in the fall. I do all my own work for seven in family, am 40 years old, weigh 104 pounds. I raised 200 silk worms a year ago I would like to tell you about it.—RESA.

WANTS TO KNOW.—"Behold I stand at the door and knock." It has been a long time since I visited the HOUSEHOLD. Can I come in? It seems that the old BLADE is a visitor to every state in the Union. I see letters from the "Sunny South" and the "Cold North." The wise (?) men tell us that this is to be an extra cold winter. It makes me cold to think about it. Now we want to go to California, and I would like a little information in regard to work. We are poor and cannot afford to go and "spy out the country," and would like some one that wants to "lend a hand" to write us. Mr. J——is a good plasterer and carpenter, and for several years worked on a farm; is sober and industrious and willing to work at any honest work that brings good wages. Would like steady work if possible. I have the catarrh and bronchitis trouble of my throat. The cold is so severe that I get worse every winter, so would like to migrate to a warmer clime. I have two little girls, and they have the catarrh badly every winter, but are better in the summer, so I thought that a warmer climate would help them. I would like to hear from some one in the neighborhood of San Diego. Hoping to hear from this soon I will bid you all goodbye.—L. M. JEFFREY, Wagon Works, Lucas county, O., box 146.

Inquiries.

A reader wishes to know if the ingredients for, or in the recipe of "Annt Hatties," or is the expressed juice of horse leek, a plant. The recipe was for removing and keeping wrinkles off the face. It will be found in the miscellaneous in the BLADE of Ootober 7.—M. S. A.

Will some one tell me what will cure chapped hands? Mine chaps and cracks badly in winter.—SUBSCRIBER.

A very good preparation given in "Health and Beauty" is as follows: Cubebs, drachm; l glycerine, 1¼ ozs.; spirits of camphor, ¼ oz.; ex. heliotrope, 1 drachm.

The book gives further directions about preserving the beauty of the hands which would greatly aid "Subscriber." She would do well to send $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get one.—ED.

I, as many others, are much interested in fancy work, more especially different kinds of painting. I received quite a good deal of information through the HOUSEHOLD. I am waiting for the information on moss roses, which was spoken of a few weeks ago. Please send it, also directions for crochet tidy.—MARY.

Will some one give me directions how to make rye bread, and oblige.—A SUBSCRIBER?

I would like to ask through the HOUSEHOLD, directions for crocheting a ladies hood. Also what kind of yarn to use. Will some one of the ladies answer as soon as possible?—E. M. C.

Will some reader of the BLADE please send directions for crocheting a pretty shoulder cape of Saxony yarn?—MRS. H. P.

Will some one tell me what will make my hair grow? It is very thick but short, and does not seem to grow at all.—MABEL SCOTT.

Will some kind brother or sister, living where the mistletoe grows, please send me his or address? Answer at once, please, and address—LOTTA, Perryville, Ind.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what will remove moles from the face and neck?—RUBY.

Will some one send me directions for making feather-flowers and wreaths? Also, will some one tell how to raise evergreens from the seed?—EMMA.

Does any one know of a cure for drunkenness? I have seen several different kinds of medicines advertised. I hope some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD knows of some one that has been cured.—A SUBSCRIBER.

"Midget," the HOUSEHOLD will be very glad to have you answer any question that you can, or to receive any practical information.—ED.

Please correct the recipe for a "Refreshing Drink," in BLADE of October 28. It should read, "1½ teaspoonful each of ground spice," instead of ½ teacupful.—P. SHAW.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one asks how to make a postal autograph album. I think this is the best way for convenience: Procure a large scrap-book, with leaves large enough for four cards, and a bottle of mucilage. Glue the upper left-hand corner of the card to the book, when held in the right position to read the autograph. This keeps them clean and is handy. Now, if you will but let it be known, the young folks of the BLADE will send you a card with a few lines and their signature. If you want the names of prominent men, just write them a very few lines, telling what you want, and enclose a card addressed to yourself, and you will get the autograph. I would like for all the readers to send me a postal card and I will cheerfully exchange.—HENRY S. HUFFMAN, Knob Lick, Ky.

If "Mollie" who sent crocheted lace pattern to the BLADE Sept. 23, will please send her address to L—— L——, box 175, Postville, Jamaica Co., Iowa, she will greatly oblige—ONE OF THE SISTERS.

Will the editor please give through the BLADE etiquette for a birthday supper?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Prepare the supper as for any other entertainment. The place of honor at the table should be given to the person for whom the supper is given. A cake, handsomely frosted, should be placed in front of it, and as many small wax candles in holders that come for the purpose, as the person is years old, stuck upon the top. Just before the company sits down, the candles must be lighted. Serve supper as usual, but at the last, the cake, which has been previously removed and the candles taken off, should be returned, and the first piece cut by the celebrant, after which it can be passed to the rest of the company.—ED.

1. What reply should a lady make to a gentleman who comes in person to ask her company to an entertainment, if she wishes to go with him? 2. And what to a note?

Tell him you will be happy to go. Say the same thing in a note, only in a little more formal way, as, "I shall be very happy to attend the entertainment with you on Thursday evening;" or, "It gives me pleasure to be able to accept your kind invitation to attend the entertainment on Thursday evening."

We would advise you to send $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Social Etiquette," which will help you in social matters.—ED.

"Nebraska Girl," canvassing would give you out of door exercise, which is probably what you need. Send to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., for terms for their books. You could try it for awhile, at least, and see what you could do, and whether it agreed with you.—ED.

Recipes.

Jelly Pudding.—Two cupfuls fine, stale bread crumbs; 1 cupful sour cream; five eggs, a teaspoonful of very lively saleratus or soda, in boiling water; 1 cupful jelly or jam. Scald the milk or cream and pour over the crumbs; beat until cold and stir in the beaten yolks, then the whites, and then the soda. Fill cups half full, set in a shallow pan filled with boiling water, and bake like a custard. When done, turn out with a knife, make a slit in the side of each, pull open and put in a large spoonful of the jelly, close the opening, and serve with sugar and cream.—A READER.

Cake.—One cupful sugar, 1 cupful butter, 1 cupful sour milk, or partly cream; the yolks of 4 eggs, and the whites of 2; 3 cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful alsipice, 1 teaspoonful nutmeg, and 2 teaspoonful s cinnamon. Bake this in 3 layers. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth, with 2 tablespoonfuls sugar and 1 teaspoonful lemon extract; put this between the layers. I think you will all like it after trying it.—A READER.

A Delicious Drink.—Is made by dissolving two teaspoonfuls of jelly and one tablespoonful of sugar in a glass of water and adding whatever flavoring you like. This is very cooling.—A READER.

In Case of Poisoning.—Make your patient vomit by giving a tumbler of warm water with a teaspoonful of mustard in it, and send for the doctor. If the poison is acid give magnesia and water, or chalk and water, or soap and water, and plenty of warm water besides. If it is an alkali like potash, give vinegar and water, lemon juice or some other safe acid. Always remember to give something first. If laudanum, strong coffee is a good thing to give until the doctor comes. Keep the patient awake.—EX.

For Sore Throat.—Gargle the throat with salt and vinegar often, and if cankered use sulphur, either in a wash or blow the sulphur through a goose-quill—dry—on to the canker. A mustard draft is good. Apply to outside of throat. Salt and water is better than nothing for a gargle.—MRS. E. B.

Cure for Ring Worm.—One application of the juice of the root of yellow dock usually effects a cure. Two applications I have never known to fail. The root is not very juicy, but a few drops, which is all that is necessary, can be obtained by the use of a blacksmith's rasp.—A. HAZEL.

How to Curl an Ostrich Plume.—Have ready some corn cobs and common salt, and let the fire in the cook stove burn down till you have a good bed of coals, lay the cobs on and sprinkle them with salt, and shake the feather in the smoke. Add cobs and salt from time to time, and be sure to shake the plume well, turning every part to the smoke. The harder it curls the better the feather will look. Be careful to keep it far enough from the fire to keep it from burning. The livelier the coals without blaze the better. I have tried to make this plain. I thought my plumes completely spoiled till I tried this recipe. I saw a milliner wash a white plume once and recurl it this way, and it looked as nice as new. She washed it in suds and rinsed it in clear water, and shook it vigorously until about dry, and then shook it over the smoke.

A Good Cough Recipe.—Handful of wild cherry bark; boil in 1 qt. of water; 10 cts worth of licorice root; 10 cts worth of loaf sugar; a lump of alum size of a hickory nut; 2 tablespoonfuls of honey. Boil and strain; 1 tablespoonful a dose will cure whooping-cough or hoarseness.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ELWOOD, IND.	WABAUNSEE, KS.	HIGHLAND, DAK.
Maudie Davis	Stella A St John	Emma D Wood
Joseph Brown	N B Thompson	Chester T Wood
Tottie D Wiggins	Nina A White	Mary E Wood
Frank French	Ella M Noyes	Rhoda Tanner
M Chambers	M H Fielding	L C Case
Jacob Beach	Daisy Bisby	Sallie M Case
John Sims	Mary Stiles	C E Zuiff
John Heffner	E L Codrel	Frank Locke
Edward Brown	H F Bort	Cenie Overbee
Charles Smith	A P Fielding	George Locke
Walter Sneison	John W Pratt	Fred E Wood
Ali Francis	Howard Smith	Tenie Overbee
Alice Little	F Wilkinson	FRANKLIN, TEXS.
Ellen Hoaglan	Edwin E Keyes	Charles Temple
R Coleman	C Thompson	Frank Temple
Lizzie Miner	E Wilkinson	Rose Temple
Emma Sugars	T W Marsh	Amy May Temple
S Kaufman	Willie McKelvey	Miny Temple
PITTSBURG, MICH.	Bertie Smith	BEAVER, IA.
Bertha Field	KICKAPOO, ILL.	Ida C Deaver
Harlow Field	H E Morgan	Cora B Lafaver
Josie Bullard	Arthur Morgan	Addie E Lafaver
Lillie E Bullard	Wm Jones	Emma Lafaver
Hattie E. Wright	John Jones	Bianca Evans
Ida McWilliams	John F. Jones	Addie Evans
Jennie N Batson	Eliza Lishman	Josie White
C McFarland	Clarence Young	Dora M Deaver
Annie Lack	Etta Young	Nellie A Beach
HOPES, MICH.	Sarah Nevill	Ollie Turney
Ora Wilcox	Minnie Felton	Hattie Wake
Ina McCrary	Frank Kingdom	John Wake
Mahlon Fillmore	Daisy Kingdom	Geo Wake
Walter Wright	Frank Miller	John Nelson
Tessa Fraser	Gracie Schlenk	John Herrold
May Fraser	Mary Phillips	Ollie Williamson
Mina Gregway	Addie Dailey	E Williamson
Lizzie Young	Lily Connor	Will Hartman
Carrie Fillmore	AMO, IND.	Ada Herrold
Elva McCrary	Clara Rogers	OAKLAND CITY, IND
Addie Wilcox	Bertha Kendall	Nellie Onyet
Anna McCann	Myrtle Owen	Etta Wallace
Meda Young	Ella Majors.	Gertie Wilkins
Rena Hosner	Zula Rudd.	Bertha Thomas
Sarah Fillmore	Maggie Phillips	Ralph Onyet
Fleda Wilcox	Clara Shields	Samuel Wallace
Willie Schearer	Alda Corner	L Cunningham
Samuel Havens	Belle Jordon	Eunice Farmer
George Gregway	Ella Marshall	D L Dodd
Claudie Wilcox	Ola Marshall	Alta De Bruter
Iola Farrow	Flora Beeson	Sallie Burchfield
FLENDALE, W. T.	Jennie McClellan	John Withers
W Ratcliffe	Louella Campbell	W Cunningham
Harry Ratcliffe	Maggie Cosner	Cari Farmier
Willie Haskins	Lizzie Henley	Frank Garrison
Eddie Haskins	Lennis Wheeler	W Cunningham
Tina Anderson	John Justice	Freddie Thomas
Willie Anderson	C E Moncal	C Wilkins
Robbie Smith	John R Thomas	Henry Thomas
Burt Smith	BURBANK, DAK.	G Malone
Mack Norton	Mack Vinson	T Anderson
Lida Keaniegy	Fred Vinson	Mary Hatton
WALL STREET, KS.	George Vinson	Rosa Hinke
Ina McClure	Tressie Vinson	S Cunningham
Ina McClure	Bertie Bennet	Marines Wallace
Orrin McClure	Dora Bennet	C Cunningham
Lila Paddock	Vinie Bennet	Thomas Halton
Nettie McCoy	Daisy Dowin	Belle Halton
Stella Ball	Alice Dowlin	GILMAN, IA.
Roy Fisher	Sylvia Dowlin	Albert Berthusen
Annie McCoy	Nellie McConnell	Khariotieberth'n
Myrtle McCoy	Elva Andrews	Anna Berthusen
BITZVILLE, W. T.	Willie Maynard	SOULTON, NEB.
Lottie L. Swinehart	Ida Andrews	Trina Johnson
Edith E Keller	MOSSIDE, NEB.	HILL HOUSE, O.
Laura E Harris	Burton C Fox	Belle Bates
J E Gritman	Fred I Fox	Fred Bates
Bessie M Bennett	Marcell T Fox	Lee Callow
Nettie A Egbert	Lora I Thayer	Lura Lonecster
Ida Bonsecour	Ella M Thayer	Ida Lonecster
Harry Geitman	Vernon Thayer	Nellie Donovan
Arthur Keller	Grant Bokcom	Rose Donovan
Earnest Keller	Frank Bokcom	John Donovan
F E Whittesey	John H Moore	Hattie Potts
V V Bennett	Howard T Smith	Lonisa Uuson
Ettie L Johnson	Ellen A Smith	Estella Upson
Harry Geitman	Ida C Moore	AUGUSTA, ILL.
Arthur Keller	BENGAL, CAL.	H W Lockeham
Earnest Keller	Armie Sperry	C Christian
F E Whittesey	BURGESS, MICH.	Charles Bryson
V V Bennett	Alma A. Swarthout	Lizzie A Carter
Mable Smith	Platt Webster	Ralph Crain
Hattie Clawson	Samuel Webster	John D Crouner
Attie Potter	Frank Webster	Lillie Ketchum
Roy Peck	Harvey Webster	Willie Thompson
R. H. Ballard	Charles Hale	

Names this week, 265. Total, 15,881.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

BY JULIA H. MAY.

She sits securely by side,
My bonny little lass!
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me,
I care not what the world may be.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny, little lass!
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where Time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny, little lass!
"Be angels shaking out their wings"?
She says when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say,
"Angels have surely passed this way."

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny, little lass!
Right into those the sweet thoughts rise
That through her lashes pass,
She pats my cheek, with smile and nod,
And softly asks, "Does you know God?"

And though I cannot answer her,
My bonny, little lass!
Queer little questions quaintly stir
The silence with that pass—
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause, you know,
He thees and thous the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny, little lass!
Her eyelids droop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper, "Mother's Girl!"

THE CHARITY BALL.

THE TWO LITTLE TOTS WHO DIED OUT IN THE COLD.

A REALISTIC DREAM.

Kitty had been to the charity ball, and the charity ball was very fashionable; there was no doubt about that. Kitty had eaten a late supper, returned home, gone to bed and to sleep; there was no doubt about that. She recollected distinctly throwing one shoe under the bed and the other into a corner, saying "Good-night" to her own figure in the looking-glass, twisting the figure of a butterfly till her fingers ached before she discovered that it was not in the gas-stopper and then laughing sleepily at all her mistakes. She also remembered the first dream of her sleep, which was something about charity diamonds, chicken salad, lanciers and icecream waltzes.

No; there was no doubt that she had gone all through this; yet there she was staring in at the window of the great palace on, and the ball was just commencing. Could she have gone to sleep on the windowsill in some mysterious manner? No; she was outside, and standing in the air with some body holding her hand.

"Oh, dear!" thought Kitty, mournfully. "I must have drunk some wine, somehow. How strange it is! I wonder how I came here? But what a cold hand holds mine; it's not papa's, for it makes me shiver. He must be horrid. I won't look at him. So."

There did not seem to be much need of the resolve, however, for the person who held her hand gave her not the slightest care whether she saw him or not, but quietly looked in with her. So at last like most girls, Kitty's curiosity got the better of her and she glanced out of the corners of her eyes.

Beside her she saw an old man. His beard and hair were long and white, and dropped about his neck and shoulders like falling snow. Upon his head was lightly placed a crown, as of frostwork so delicate was its texture. Robes long and dark and cold to look at fell in broad folds from his shoulders, and were held to his waist by a girdle of twinkling stars. He was gazing in at the brilliant assemblage with a sad, melancholy look upon his face.

Kitty looked at his robes. "How very old-fashioned!" she thought; "and aged, very aged!"

"Yes," murmured the old man, "old, very old."

Kitty started. He read her thoughts evidently. She was sorry now she had thought it, he looked so sad.

"Who are

The Farm.

Information Wanted

WILLIAM A. JONES, Podgett, Mo.: There are several ways of curing pork. A good one is: To each gallon of water add one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre and half an ounce of potash. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the stop and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over the pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and should not be put down for at least two or three days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. Hams cured in this manner may be smoked as usual, and will be found to be excellent. —ED.]

W. E. SANDS, Grover City, Ill.:—We cannot judge correctly from what you say, the precise location of the lameness in your horse. Examine in or below the hock. Look carefully for corns. If there is no veterinary near you, give the leg and foot a careful going over and write again.—ED.

READER, Utica, writes: "Having seen a description of the Imperial Pekin duck in the BLADE of October 25, by Delos Staples, I would be greatly obliged for his address, or the address of any person having them." [Now, "Reader" ought to see that for us to publish his address is to give a first-class advertisement free, and we cannot do that. Please remember that we do not give addresses in the BLADE. If duck dealers want to reach our readers, they must advertise, and pay.—ED.]

ANEMIA.—I have a 3-year-old heifer which is thin and rough, grows her crib some, and when in the field grows bones and old wood a great deal; milks well, with a fair quantity. What should be done for her. A. F. Ossipe, N. H. [The cause is a certain diminution in the constituents of the blood. Change of food. Give half a pound of salts mixed with a cupful of molasses. After it has operated give this daily in dry food, or as a drench for a week; then omit a week, and give one week more: sulphate of iron, two drachms; powdered nux vomica, one drachm; powdered gentian, one ounce.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

ITEMS.—I saw an item in the BLADE some time ago from some one in this territory seeking about black walnuts. Our experience in this part of the country, to a parallel, is the same with walnut as with soft maple. They will not survive the second winter.

It may be of interest to some to know that nothing equals kerosene to soften old leather.

I was told a few days ago by an old gentleman that castor oil was an antidote for poison. He said he had saved dogs that had been poisoned accidentally, after they had gone into convulsions.—W. L. HUDSON.

SEEDS.—How to direct a letter to Washington, D. C., to obtain vegetable seeds; also, what is required of a person getting seeds from Washington?—MRS. F. DAVENPORT, Jasper, Mich. [The BLADE FARM some time since gave a list showing the amount of seed to which each Congressman was entitled on application at Washington. If the Congressman from your district so wishes, garden seeds are sent to you, if you write to him; or they will be sent to you, no doubt, by writing to Norman Coleman, Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.—ED.]

W. L. HUDSON, Fallkton, Dakota, would like some member of the BLADE FARM family to tell him how to rid land of wild rose bushes, which are so numerous in low sections in the vicinity in which he lives, as to have become a great nuisance.—ED.]

John Romine, Waltz, Mich.: To induce absorption of the "callouses," on the hind leg of your horse, use this: Bin-iodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, one ounce. Cut the hair from each bunch, and rub a little of this on every night until a free watery discharge is produced on the surface. Foment the part before each further application. We advise you not to touch the enlargements, if they do not lame the horse. The old saying, "Let well enough alone," applies to horses as well as anything else.—ED.]

ROUP.—Give a cure for roup in chicken. —O. W., California. [Take a teaspoonful of pine tar; place it in the center of the scoop, wet fine tea with it, and compel the birds inhale it. Afterward anoint the heads lightly with crude petroleum; also swab mouths with petroleum.—ED.]

SWEENEY.—John McDonald, Grape Grove, Ohio: For sweeney a stimulating liniment is necessary. Use this: Spanish flies, camphor gum, and cayenne, of each one ounce; alcohol, ten ounces; spirits turpentine, six ounces. Mix. Rub with energy on shoulder. We are of opinion that the lameness is caused at a point remote from the shoulder. Does your horse drag his leg? then examine shoulder. Does he pick the foot up clear from the ground? If so, depend upon it that he real seat of the disease is in the knee or foot.—ED.

DID NOT GET OVER IT.—COVINGTON.—M. L. Hudson, Fulton, Dakota: The disease that was among the horses in your vicinity was no doubt contagious catarrhal fever. The lingering effects of it in your horse should be met with tonics. Give this: Powdered sulphate of iron, two scruples; nux vomica, ten grains; ginger, two drachms; licorice, four drachms; gentian, four drachms. Mix and divide into powders, and give one like the above every other day for two weeks. Take care to give a bran mash with bolted linseed in it every third day, to prevent constipation of bowels. A case such as is seen in your horse, is not readily cured. For the horse that coughs, rub his throat with mustard, and give internally every night one of the following powders: Sulphate of copper and pulverized ginger, of each one ounce; pulverized gentian root, two ounces. Divide into sixteen powders. Feed but little hay, but bundles of fine straw. Give a bran mash with a little linseed meal in it twice a week for two weeks.—ED.

F. L. COFFIN, Correctionville, Iowa:—Your steer was suffering from hoven, a certain form of indigestion, superinduced by overfeeding. In various diseases there is a secretion of gas from the inner coat of the stomach, causing great and painful destitution, sometimes called tympany or hoven. In these cases of swelling is from gases, the proper course is to plunge a trochar, or sharp knife into the rumen and allow the gas to escape. The operation is to be performed in the most prominent part of the swelling. In symptoms like those described in your steer. A strong dose of red pepper tea will relieve the animal. After the severe symptoms are relieved give epsom salts, half a pound; croton oil, ten drops; linseed oil, one pint. We think the danger is now over.—ED.]

Subscriber, Verner, D. T.: Your mare, from what you say, has a slight attack of lumbaturia. Give her a dose of raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; sweet nitre, 2 ounces. After this has operated, give sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm. Give this as a ball every other day for a week.—ED.

SEVERAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Thomas J. Scott, Winterset, Ia.: For barbed-wire puts, take of lard 4 ounces; beeswax, 4 ounces; resin, 2 ounces; carbolic acid, ¾ ounce. Mix the first three and melt, and then add the carbolic acid, stirring until cool. We know of no book treating especially on fevers in horses. Dr. Dad has published books on diseases of horses and cattle. We know of no house in Canada that publishes veterinary books.—ED.

Notes of Interest.

A dirty spittoon may be a source of danger to the family.

When the clothing becomes wet, it should be dried as soon as possible.

Cabbage, apples and potatoes must not be permitted to rot in the cellar.

Feather beds and woolen blankets become dirty, and need much airing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Musty rooms are unhealthy, and need to be ventilated.

You never saw a man abuse a horse who did not fear it. A man who has no fear of any horse treats all horses kindly.

When exercising so that the body is overheated, one should not stand still in a breeze or draught and suddenly cool.

Don't expect the horse to obey as quick as you speak. The mind of an animal is not so quick-working as that of a man.

The wood box, if it is allowed to fill up with chips, apple cores and tobacco juice, may ferment disease for the whole family.

Make a harness fit properly and a horse can wear it without distress, provided that it is also kept decently clean and comfortably soft.

In a farm horse fast walking is one of the most essential qualities. Double the walking gait and the practical value is almost doubled.

Ground barley and oats are certainly fine feed for horses. Barley is fed to horses in England much more than in this country and is highly estimated there. Equal parts of each, one part barley to two of oats would be good.

A horse is not fully mature until six years of age. Immature animals are often overtaxed and their future usefulness discounted. Young horses should not be worked too hard if they are expected to live to a green old age. A horse does not come to his full intelligence until eight years of age.

A farmer in average circumstances can raise a colt to use for his business much easier than he can raise money to pay for one to suit his purpose. To young breeders let me say, build up your colt upon a foundation that has produced wonders, an authentic pedigree, tracing to some of the world-renowned sires. Do not breed your mare to a scrub stallion at any price, but breed your mare to a good-sized horse that can show a good pedigree. This method will breed your stock up and stop the degeneration of the horse. If you want distinct character and form, breed your mare to the model you wish to produce, and if you want distinct breed, continue to breed from the same horse.

Planting Strawberries.

A correspondent inquires which is best to plant strawberries, in the fall or spring. In reply we would say that strawberries may be planted in latitudes where the ground does not freeze before December at any time from April to December. But the practice is either to plant in the fall or spring. Spring is unquestionably the best time to plant, and we hardly deem it necessary to state the reasons. The dangers of planting in the warm weather of summer will occur to anybody. If planted in the fall is attended with danger of having the plants fall from one cause or another to get established. The only reason urged for fall planting is that a crop may be got the next season, but the crop will not compensate for the injury done the plant by the winter succeeding the planting, and it does not begin to compare with crops from plants set the previous spring. Strawberry plants need a year to become established, and then they should have rest before beginning the work of fruit bearing. But that the planting may be done as early as possible in the spring, the ground should be thoroughly prepared in the fall. There may be circumstances which will make it necessary to plant in the fall, and when such circumstances arise, of course nothing that we have said should be considered. But the rule should be spring planting.

Rearing Calves to Advantage.

First, own good cows. Treat them kindly and keep them docile and quiet. When about to calve, place the cow in a separate stall and leave her loose. Feed no grain or stimulating food for a month before calving. When the calf arrives, remove it to a pen at a distance where it can be kept quiet and comfortable. It will never know what it is to be cruel to mother, and much trouble afterwards will be spared. In three or four hours milk the cow, and give the milk to the calf, teaching it to drink. With patient skill the calf may be taught to drink in the first lesson. Milk the cow four times a day, and feed the milk to the calf until the fourth day, when the cow is returned to stable and the milk is saved for skimming. The calf gets only skimmed milk after this—three quarts at a feed twice a day, and warmed up to 80 degrees. The feed is gradually increased as the calf grows, and when it is two months old it is taught to take a little mixed ground corn and oats, and have a small quantity with the warmed skimmed milk until it is six or eight months old. This enables the calf to make a fine growth, and brings it up in docility and gentleness. These qualities are improved by a daily brushing and carding, and by using it to the halter and to lead, while it is being fed in the pen. Continual handling in this way prevents the contracting of any of the common vices, and when the calf becomes a cow, it is in an excellent state of discipline and gives no trouble. This method well carried out, is the main step toward an improved herd, which will be of very great value, and one gained at a very small cost.—*American Agriculturist.*

To Make Good Cider.

The temperature for fermentation is about 70° Fahrenheit, for fresh apple juice. If higher, the acetous or vinegar fermentation may set in before the fermentation is completed; if below 60° the process is likely to be too slow, or to stop too soon. The fermenting room must be clean and protected from the out-door atmosphere. Farm-house cellars, when they are clean-smelling, are good places, unless vegetables are kept in an improvised place outside and keep the cellar for a fermenting room. Place the barrels on a staging high enough so they won't have to be moved when the fluid is drawn off. When the cider is strong enough it is sulphur worked, to put a stop to the fermentation by burning sulphur matches (strips of linen cloth dipped in melted sulphur), in the empty barrel into which the cider is to go. Put the cider in this sulphur-fumed barrel, and the lees, after being strained, into another barrel sulphured three times as much. Allow the sulphur matches to burn out for a short time. Leave the bung loose for the escape of gas, as the fermentation may not have stopped with the first sulphuring. After 24 hours listen at the bunghole for the sound of further fermentation. If it is detected, transfer the cider into another sulphured barrel, and so on every two or three days till the fermentation ceases.

Then clarify—if possible by filtering; if not, with the whites and shells of fresh eggs. Then for three months the barrels must be kept about full and bunged, with an open gimlet hole beside the bung. They should be examined every day or two, and if leaking, be filled up from the sulphuring process should be repeated. When the well known odor and flavor of good cider are decidedly apparent, add to each 60 gallons one ounce of salicylic acid, and two days thereafter the whites and shells of four perfectly fresh eggs. Each must be thoroughly beaten up in a portion of the cider, stirred into the barrel and thoroughly stirred in with a stick. In two days it will be settled bright and clear. It will keep several seasons and constantly improves. The writer in the *National Rebel*, from whom the above is condensed, adds, "If it is bottled and tightly corked in March, it will be the choicest champaign cider by June or July.

Sporting Beans.

Two years ago this fall I found a single plant, in a piece of improved yellow-eye beans, bearing black beans. As I handpick all my seeds with my own hands, I felt sure that this was a "sport," and the next spring planted the black beans separately. No two plants from them were exactly alike, the most noticeable thing about them being that a large proportion of them had yellow pods. Eleven distinct sorts were selected, a careful memorandum of peculiarities made on each bag, and these were planted again last spring. One object in doing this was to see if any of them would revert to the yellow-eye again, for although the black beans planted produced several pure white kinds, besides others variously colored and mottled, there were no yellow-eyes. This year, among more than 200 plants, there were three that produced very handsome yellow eyes, all three differing in the growth and appearance of the plants. The black type still appeared, but only on about one-fourth of the plants. The majority again bore yellow pods, which seems odd, seeing that the original yellow-eye is a very fixed type with green pods. Some of the white beans of last year did not vary again, and those one of the black ones came a very large, round red-eye, which, if it can be fixed, would make a superior dwarf shell-bean. I shall continue this interesting experiment further.—*T. H. Hoskins, Newport, Vt.*

BLIND TOM INSANE.

His 80-Year-Old Mother in Court, in a Suit Against Gen. Bethune.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Dr. James W. Ranney, as commissioner in lunacy, and a sheriff's jury, heard testimony in the application of Charity Wiggins, the 80-year-old colored woman who is the mother of Blind Tom, the celebrated negro pianist, to have her son adjudged insane and incompetent to care for himself.

Blind Tom is now in Virginia, under the care of Gen. G. N. Bethune, who owned the Wiggins family while in slavery, and has had charge of Blind Tom for twenty years. Virginia courts decided on a similar application in that state, that Tom was a resident of this state, and accordingly Judge Donahue, of the Supreme court, granted the application of Mrs. Wiggins for a commission to decide his sanity. Mrs. Wiggins is suing Gen. Bethune for an accounting of money he has received during the last 23 years through exhibiting Tom in this country and Europe.

The treasurer of the company testified the company took in an average of $3,000 per month clear profit. He believed the profit was about $25,000 per year. Tom never received a cent from the company.

The verdict of the jury was that Blind Tom was mentally unsound and incapable of managing his own affairs.

• • • • Decline of man or woman, prematurely induced by excesses or bad practices, speedily and radically cured. Book (illustrated), 10 cents in stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

TALMAGE ON A VEXED QUESTION.

Should Husband and Wife Have Trouble About Church Attendance?—Several Good Ways of Solving the Somewhat Difficult Problem Easily.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 28.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning on the subject, "In Matters of Church Attendance Should the Wife go with the Husband or the Husband go with the Wife?" The Tabernacle still retains the decoration of Thanksgiving day, being specimens of American products from the North, South, East and West.

Dr. Talmage's text was from the thirteenth chapter of Genesis and parts of the eighth and ninth verses: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?" Dr. Talmage said:

Uncle and nephew, Abram and Lot, both pious, both millionaires, and with such large flocks of bleating sheep and lowing cattle, that their herdmen got into a fight, perhaps about the best water privileges, or because the cow of one got hooked by the horns of the other. Not their poverty of opportunity, but their wealth was the cause of controversy between these two men. To Abram, the glorious old Bedouin sheik, such controversy seemed painful. It was like two ships quarreling for sea room in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. There was a vast reach of country, cornfields, vineyards, harvests and plenty of room, in illimitable acreage. "Now," says Abram, "let us agree to differ. Here are the mountain districts, swept by life-tonic sea-breeze, and with wide reaching prospect, or there is the plain of the Jordan, with tropical luxuriance. You may have either." Lot, who was not so rich as Abram, and might have been expected to take the second choice, made the first selection, and with a modesty that must have made Abram smile, said to him: "You may have the rocks and the mean prospect; I will take the valley of the Jordan, with all of its luxuriance of cornfields, and the river to water the flocks, and the genial climate, and the wealth immeasurable." So the controversy was forever settled, and great-souled Abram carried out the suggestions of the text: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Well, in this, the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and in this beautiful land, which some called America, after Americus Vespucius, but ought to have been called Columbia, after its discoverer, Columbus, we have a wealth of religious privilege and opportunity that is positively bewildering. Churches, of all styles of creeds, and of all styles of government, and all styles of architecture. What opulence of ecclesiastical opportunity! Now, while in desolate regions there may be only one church, and it must be that or nothing, in the opulent districts of this country, there is such a profusion that there ought to be no difficulty in making a selection. No fight about vestments, or between liturgical or non-liturgical adherents, or as to baptismal modes, or a handful of water as compared with a riverful. If Abram prefers to dwell in the heights, where he can only get a sprinkling from the clouds, let him consent that Lot have all the Jordan in which to immerse himself. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between thy herdmen and my herdmen; is not the whole land before thee?"

I undertake a subject never before undertaken in any pulpit, for it is an exceedingly delicate subject, and if not rightly handled might give serious offense, but I approach it without trepidation, for I am sure I have the Divine direction in the matters I propose to present. It is a tremendous question asked all over Christendom, on Sabbath and on week days, and sobs, and heartbreaks, and involving the peace of families, the eternal happiness of many souls. In matters of church attendance should the wife go with the husband, or the husband go with the wife?

First remember that all the evangelical churches have worked well, and been to save the soul, and prepare us for happiness on earth and in heaven. I will go with you into any well-selected theological library, and I will show you sermons from ministers in all denominations that set forth man as a sinner, and Christ as a deliverer from sin and sorrow. That is the whole gospel. God that gave you one church is right, and you are fitted for the here and the hereafter. The world has 26 letters in its alphabet, and there are only two letters in the Gospel alphabet—S and C; S standing for our sin, C standing for Christ, our rescue, blessed be his name forever! In any church where the lily of the valley learn these two letters, and all they stand for, and you ought to be edified and happy. There are differences, we admit, and some denominations we like better than others. But suppose three or four of us make a solemn agreement to meet each other a week from now in Chicago on important business, and one goes by the New York Central railroad, another by the Erie railroad, another by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. One goes this way because the mountains are grander; another takes this because the cars are more luxurious; another that, because the ride is on the water; another takes the other because he has been accustomed to that route and all the employes are familiar. So far as our engagement to meet is concerned it makes no difference if we only get there. Now, any one of the innumerable evangelical denominations, if you practice its teaching—shunning the evil and following on to know the Lord, and some on a narrow gauge—will bring you out at the city of New Jerusalem. It being evident that you will be safe in any of the evangelical denominations, I proceed to remark, first: If one of the married couple be a Christian, and the other not, the one a Christian is bound to go anywhere to a church where the unconverted companion is willing to go, if he or she will go to no other. Yo, of the communal partnership, are a Christian. You are safe for the skies. Then it is your first duty to secure the eternal safety of your life companion. Is not the highest welfare of your life imperilled, or your husband imperilled, of more importance than your church relationship? Is not the residence of your companion for the next quadrillion of years a mightier consideration to you than the gratification of your ecclesiastical taste for one or fifty years? A man or a woman that would stop half a minute to weigh preferences as to whether he or she had better go with the unconverted companion to this or that church or denomination, has no religion at all, and never has had, and I fear never will have. You are looking with half contempt on the bereaved husband who says: "Hang out the signals, my wife is sailing for the port of heaven, and I will not be left behind." You say: "Hang out your lights." Instead of disputing in your home about the different kinds of lantern, as a watchman on the walls of Zion, I cry: "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Hang out your lights! You may have a thousand ideas about religion and yet not one of the great ideas of pardoning mercy. It is not the number of your ideas but the greatness of them. A mouse hath ten offspring in her nest, while the lioness hath one in her lair. All ideas about forms and ceremonies, and church government put together are not worth the one idea of getting to heaven yourself and taking your family with you.

But do not reject Christianity as many do because there are so many sects. Standing in Westminster Hotel, London, I looked out of the window and saw three clocks, as near as I can remember, one on the Parliament House, another on St. Margaret's Chapel, another on Westminster Abbey, and they were all different. One said 12 o'clock at noon, another said five minutes before 12, another said five minutes after 12. I might as well have concluded that there is no such thing as time, because the three time-pieces were different, as for you to conclude that there is no such thing as pure Christianity because the churches differ in their statement of it. It is about 12 o'clock noon of the glorious gospel dispensation, although the church clocks somewhat differ, and under the present light you have no excuse for neglecting your duty because you do not like this or do not like that. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

But let us all rejoice, that although part of our family may worship on earth in one church, and part in another church, or, bowed at the same altars, it must be in a compromise of preferences, we are, if redeemed, on the way to a perfect church, where all our preferences will be fully gratified. Great cathedral of eternity with ashes of amethysts, and pillars of sapphire, and floors of emerald, and windows aglow with the sunshine of heaven! What wide arches, spacious enough to allow empires to enter! What amphitheaters of piled up splendor, gallery above gallery, princess and princesses, kings and queens looking over them! What stupendous towers, with chimes angel-hoisted and angel-run! What myriads of worshippers, white-robed and coronetted! What an officiator at the altar, even "the great High Priest of our profession!" What walls, hung with the captured shields and flags, by the church militant passed up to the church triumphant! What doxologies of all nations! Coronet to coronet, cymbal to cymbal, harp to harp, organ to organ! Pull out the tremulent stop to recall the sufferings past! Pull out the trumpet stop to celebrate the victory!

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold."

News of the Week.

THE SECRET HISTORY

Of the Great Chicago Strike—Too Much Politics on the Part of the District Master Workman, Who Was a Candidate for Sheriff of Cook County.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—The inside history of the recent strike at the packing houses at the stock yards, when 20,000 men were thrown out of employment, is printed here this morning. When the packers decided to return to the ten-hour working day on October 14, the workmen, supposing that they would be backed by the Knights of Labor, rebelled, and all went out except the beef-butchers, who had a contract with the firms of Armour, Swift and Morris, requiring four days' notice before opening hostilities.

Despite this agreement the beef butchers of Armour & Co. were ordered out the following Thursday, by District Master Workman Butler, who deliberately broke the existing contract. T. P. Barry also arrived upon the scene. He stated to a newspaper reporter that he had been instructed by Powderly to settle the difficulty, and to members of the Knights of Labor he said that he had simply been sent to investigate.

At the same time Butler had made his debut in the town of Lake politics, as a rival candidate for Sheriff of Cook county. Butler had been defeated by Master Workman Gaunt, of the Butchers' assembly, of the existing agreement, but, as has been said, he ignored it. The butchers of Armour & Co. were loathe to obey Butler's orders, but the presence of Barry, who was a member of the general executive board of the order, reassured them to a certain degree. The executive board of the local assembly, however, concluded to get Mr. Powderly's views, and it sent the following telegram to him:

"Has the executive board of district by power to repudiate an agreement made 57 the executive board of local assembly 7,-802, one clause of which reads: 'One day shall be considered sufficient time for calling a meeting of both parties of first and second part, and no definite action shall be taken inside of three days after such a meeting?'"

"Have they power to call out men governed by this schedule, without complying with this clause, that are working eight hours a day."

To this question Mr. Powderly vouchsafed no direct reply, but he did send an answer to Mr. Barry, who asked the executive board of the local assembly the following day regarding the existence of the agreement with the packers. Barry investigated the matter and found that Master Workman Butler had made a mistake.

Mr. Barry found the butchers to return to work, but the damage had been done. Butler made evasive replies. Nobody was in reality looking after the interests of the 18,500 men who had been allured into the strike. In the meantime the packers were making extensive preparations for starving fight. T. M. Cunnegan, pastor of St. Ann's church, telegraphed a long statement of all the facts to Mr. Powderly, declaring that unless the men were ordered to return to work incalculable injury and misery would result. Barry was immediately telegraphed to order the men to return to work, but did not do so until the following Sunday. Among the violent opponents to this order was Butler, who told Barry that the order would cause him (Butler) to lose 2,000 votes at the approaching election. Powderly promptly divested Butler and the executive board of the district of all power to create another strike, instituting a committee to have charge of all matters affecting these workmen. Butler, who, it is claimed, saw he was making a losing political fight, succeeded in having the committee of five overthrown and a committee of 23, with himself as chairman, appointed, contrary to the constitution of the Knights of Labor. The cattle butchers, in returning to work, had succeeded in having their wages increased from $24 to $27 a week, agreeing to work ten hours. On the 23d of November a special circular to men rushed among the workmen at Swift's house, ordering them to quit work, and they did so.

This panic had been carefully planned. On the following day all those on a strike voted for Butler. The latter called out Armour's men on Thursday succeeding the election. Master Workman Gaunt was ousted, and he and two followers were expelled from the order. Barry reappeared on the scene, and the order from Powderly, which was suppressed for four days, caused the ending of the strike.

A CUBAN SCHEME

To Victimize Rich Americans—The Gang at Work in Detroit.

DETROIT, Nov. 26. — Cuban sharpers, evidently the same gang who have been swindling rich Philadelphians, are playing their game in this section. A letter written in Spanish was recently brought to Herman Freund, with a request from the receiver of the letter, a wealthy citizen of Birmingham, for translation.

The letter was postmarked Havana, and the writer said that he was formerly a high official in the government service, and had absconded to the United States several months previous with $360,000 in Spanish bonds. He exchanged the bonds at New Orleans for United States securities, and with the securities on his person made a trip through the states, going as far north as Birmingham. Becoming suspicious that he was being shadowed, he buried his stolen wealth in the vicinity of Birmingham.

He then returned to the South, and at Key West was kidnaped, taken to Havana and thrown into the government prison. The writer went on to say that he was still in prison. He had heard while in Birmingham of the high standing of the man he was addressing, and he offered to give him one-third of the securities if he would interest himself in securing the writer's release.

Before anything could be done, however, it was necessary to negotiate some of the securities. The plan of the locality where they were buried was among his baggage, which was detained by the Havana police, and $1,500 was needed to release it. If the Birmingham business man would send the money the plan would be mailed to him.

Three weeks ago a similar letter was brought to Mr. Freund from another party, and another letter last week from still another citizen. The men singled out by the sharpers are all rich. It is not known whether any of them have accepted the offer or not.

Seven Indians, Including Big Thunder, Reported Drowned.

BISMARCK, D. T., Nov. 26.—It is reported here that seven Indians ("Big Thunder," the Crow chief, among the number) were drowned while attempting to cross the Missouri river at a point about ten miles north of here. Big Thunder was one of the most famous chiefs of the Crow nation, and his son, White Eagle, is said to have been with the party when the accident occurred. The Indians were crossing to join a band of their tribe which started out to wreak vengeance on the Sioux who killed a number of Crows several days ago.

There are reports that several miners at Sims were frozen during the blizzard.

Dropped Dead in the Street.

GENEVA, N. Y., Nov. 27.—S. S. Cobb, aged about 65 years, who was widely known as a grain and wood dealer, dropped dead in the street in front of the Kirkwood house at 10 o'clock last night. Deceased was unmarried. He was an intimate friend of the late Sec. Folger.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you. Try it.

CUTTING IS IN TEXAS.

Thinks He can Secure 8,000 Men And All the Capital Needed—His Lieutenants Say It Is a Colonization Scheme—Sec. Bayard and the Rivera Case.

FORT WORTH, Nov. 26.—A. K. Cutting arrived in Fort Worth yesterday, accompanied by Lee Clark, A. R. McKee and M. V. Stevens. In an interview with Cutting and Clark, they said they would take in all the Northern and Eastern cities during the winter, and Cutting would lecture. Asked pointedly about the filibustering scheme, Cutting would not disclaim the truth of some of the statements made, but said he could not tell all there was in it. He said: "When I can show certain parties in the North that I can get 8,000 men, I can get all the capital needed."

Mr. Clark does disclaim the filibustering talk, but says they intend to organize a mammoth colonization company, which will people the Northern states of Mexico with Anglo-Saxons. The Mexican government is very liberal to colonizers, and this people would be inducement to have people come. They have offices, one in St. Louis, one in El Paso, and the headquarters in Chicago. If there is any change in the government of the states settled, it will be in a revolutionary form, carried on by the lovers of freedom, who will have occupied the country. The immigrants will come armed, of course, but it will not be as filibusters. The leaders claim to know the exact number of men in the Mexican army, the kind of arms they have, the character of troops, the topography of the country, where water is to be found, and all that would be necessary in leading an army to know. They do not claim to expect great aid from Texas, except on the frontier, where the old-time hatred of Mexico has not died out. The North they look upon as their field. They believe the old abolition feeling is as strong as ever against any kind of slavery, and say that peony in Mexico is many times more galling than slavery in the United States ever was. They also claim that the bulk of the Mexican army is composed of criminals, who have no patriotism, but on the contrary, are the government's enemies.

Our Government Will Take no Action in the Rivera Case.

EL PASO, Nov. 26.—Consul Brigham received yesterday a communication from Washington, saying that our government will take no action in the case of Rivera, who was murdered at Tresvacales, Mexico, 20 miles below Ft. Hancock. The ground for refusal is that Rivera appears not to have been an American. He was born in Mexico, and had lived two years in Texas, but never declared his intention to become a citizen.

The murder was the result of a misunderstanding, and grew out of the refusal of Rivera, an employe of Becerra, to pay taxes to the Mexican authorities. Becerra lives on a tract of land formerly lying on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, but placed on the Mexican side by a change in the bed of the river. Sec. Bayard writes to Judge Brigham that our government will at once seek a settlement of the question of jurisdiction.

HENRY GEORGE'S PARTY.

The Pledge Exacted of All Proposing to Join the Progressive Democracy.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—The Henry George Progressive Democratic party is requiring every one that joins the party in Boston and New Haven to make the following pledge, the same formula being used in all cities where the party effects an organization:

"Every person admitted as a member of this organization shall be introduced to the president and requested to raise his right hand while repeating this:

"I (giving name) have read, or have heard read, and do approve of the declaration of principles upon which this Progressive Democratic party political organization has been formed. I pledge my word of honor while a member of the party in any assembly district, or in any part of the United States, to abide by the decision of the majority; that I will do faithful work on any committee which I may be appointed; that I promise, if possible on election day to devote four hours to the duty of manning the polls; that I will use all legitimate means to secure votes for our own candidates; that I will report to the committee on organization any evidences of treachery that may appear in our ranks; that my personal conduct shall be consistently to the political party which I this night join.

"I will attend all meetings of this organization, unless prevented by sickness and other causes over which I have no control. All this I pledge myself to do, in the belief that by the successful establishment of the principles represented by our party, will come the elevation of all who labor, and the downfall of the corrupt political parties who, between them, now rule this country."

SUGAR EXPERIMENTS.

The Result in Kansas, Under the Direction of the Agricultural Department.

FORT SCOTT, Nov. 26.—The experiment conducted here by the Department of Agriculture on Louisiana cane closed to-day. With a yield of seven tons of sugars, the second boiling giving nine pounds of sugar to a ton of cane. Firsts were 134.4 pounds to a ton of cane. Seconds added to firsts give 143.4 pounds per ton. Estimating the sugar at the third boiling now in progress, one-half of the seconds as per the usual basis, and the total yield of the first run of Louisiana cane was 147 pounds per ton of cane. The first run of Louisiana cane gave considerable less.

This is a great disappointment to the advocates of carbonation, and fails far below the estimates of Chief Chemist Wiley, based on his run of first. The experiment with sorghum cane, namely, that diffusion extracts practically all the sugar, and is a success, while carbonation as a method of treating the juice is a failure.

Representatives here from the southern cane districts are anxiously inquiring whether the fatal policy of treating diffusion juice by carbonation will be pursued by the agricultural department in the sugar experiments about to be undertaken by it in Louisiana. Chief Chemist Wiley construes the law making the appropriation as requiring the pursuit of this seemingly insane policy. Other planters expect that Commissioner Coleman, who, it is believed, will require the adoption of a more rational system and abandonment of exploded theories and expensive hobbies.

HIGH-TONED THIEVES.

Conspiracy to Steal Grain from the Buffalo Elevators.

BUFFALO, Nov. 26.—The *Commercial* prints a sensational story in which it alleges that a conspiracy to steal grain from one or more elevators in the city has been discovered. The *Commercial* says the parties to the conspiracy, or series of conspiracies, whichever it may prove to have been, are Henry P. Emslie, connected in an executive capacity with the Richmond elevator, and John A. Campbell, John Kennedy and Andrew A. Egather, members of the Merchants' Exchange in good standing.

The paper further alleges that Emslie entered in a conspiracy with these persons either individually or collectively by which the grain was to be stolen from the Richmond elevator and sold, Emslie getting two-thirds of the proceeds and his co-conspirators one-third; that the stealing of 2,136 bushels of wheat was discovered; that Emslie, when confronted with the evidence, admitted the facts and stated that 70,000 bushels had been stolen, giving the names of his accomplices; that these facts were presented to the grand jury, which found indictments against the parties implicated; and that they were subsequently, at private hearings, held in bail for their appearance at trial.

EMBEZZLED $100,000,

And Lost It Speculating in Mexican Central Stock.

BOSTON, Nov. 27.—William Reed, treasurer of the South Boston horse railroad company, was arrested yesterday upon a warrant charging him with the embezzlement of $35,000 of the railroad's funds. In the police station Reed confessed his guilt and acknowledged the embezzlement of $69,500 in cash and an over issue of 345 shares of stock of the road, having a cash value of $34,500, making the total value of the defalcation $100,000.

His unauthorized use of the company's funds began, it is stated, in 1881. He invested heavily in Mexican Central securities at high prices, and succeeded until only a few days ago in concealing his illegal dealings from other officers of the company. Soon after his arrest he turned over to the directors all of his property, worth about $15,000. He also made over his stock contracts, which he and the directors believe will, if not quite, make good the full amount of his embezzlement.

Reed was arraigned in the municipal court, where he waived examination, and was held in $50,000 bonds for the grand jury, in default of which he was committed to jail.

An expert has been at work on the company's books for a week, and from present appearances, it would seem as if the company has been practically ruined by Reed's defalcations. Undoubtedly its capital stock and surplus will be wiped out entirely.

FATAL GAS EXPLOSION.

Another Mining Horror in Pennsylvania —Twelve or Fifteen Lives Lost.

WILKESBARRE, Nov. 26. —Shortly after the miners and laborers entered the Conyngham shaft this morning an explosion of gas took place. Between 20 and 30 miners are said to be burned, and seriously injured, but none are reported dead.

It is now known that the explosion occurred in the shanty at the foot of the shaft, which was occupied by the fire boss. No work was done yesterday, and consequently there was a larger quantity of gas than usual in the shaft. The men are now being removed from the pit and taken to their homes or to the hospital in ambulances and wagons. It is thought that all of them will recover.

LATER PARTICULARS.

The accident occurred while the men were getting ready to go to work. About 50 men, miners and laborers, were sitting at the foot of the shaft awaiting for the inside boss, when the terrible explosion took place, and only three or four men, so far as could be ascertained, escaped without injury.

Most of the men were sent to their homes at once, and as they are scattered far and near long distances from the shaft, no account of the result of their injuries can, at this writing, be obtained.

It is known, however, that several—possibly twelve or fifteen—will die, while others will be scarred and disfigured for life.

The disaster was caused by Cornelius Boyle, a mine laborer, who stepped into a worked-out chamber which was filled with gas, with a lighted lamp upon his hat. Boyle will die. Many more were killed and wounded, and the damage to the inside workings of the shaft are great. Fire bosses William Williams and William Evans are reported fatally burned.

There is great excitement in and about the shaft, and the full knowledge as to the exact number of those hurt and the character of the wounds of those injured cannot be obtained at present.

FIGHTING STUDENTS.

Princeton and Yale Men Have a Free Fight Over the Result of the Game.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 26.—The championship football game between Yale and Princeton was played in a driving rainstorm. It resulted in a draw, neither side being able to score.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—The trains from Princeton last night brought to this city hundreds of Yale and Princeton men, all in a more or less excited condition. The Yale men claimed the game by the score of four to nothing; but the Princeton sympathizers insisted that the game had been declared a draw by the referee. The matter has been referred to the Inter-Collegiate association, which meets in this city Saturday.

Whatever the decision may be, it is certain that Yale had the best of the game. It was an extremely rough game, hard slogging being the rule. The papers this morning suggest that the college authorities should insist that hereafter the game be played with soft gloves.

During the evening the restaurants and saloons of Princeton were filled with fighting students. A son of Gov.-elect Green, of New Jersey, had his arm broken in two places in one scrimmage, and the list of casualties is a long one.

L. F. Robinson, who umpired the game at Hartford on Saturday, between Wesleyan and Princeton, says of the first decision I called the game on account of darkness before time was up. The score then was in favor of Princeton, and at their request I gave them the game. The case here is exactly similar. If Princeton earned the game on Saturday, they lost it to-day. If Yale's event is to be called no game, should the one on Saturday? Either decision will virtually put Yale ahead for the season, although the purely technical rulings may influence the decision of the Inter Collegiate association on saturday, when the matter comes before them."

DAKOTA'S BLIZZARD.

A Herd of Buffaloes Stampeded by

WASHINGTON.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

A Forecast of the Forthcoming Document It Will be Brief but Precise.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—(Special)—The President is still hard at work on his message, and is writing every word of it himself. He will not make use of any of the thoroughly competent stenographers at the capital, but is laboriously writing it all out himself. The message will be comparatively brief, but will clearly define the attitude of the administration on all questions of vital interest. Tariff revision will be strongly urged because of the largely increased surplus in the treasury, and the remedies needed by the various industries of the country by direct or indirect taxation. The public buildings belonging to the state of Ohio have largely increased and the government expenditures diminished under the same laws in operation during the preceding administration, and instead of $50,000,000 there will be treasury balances there was left of this year, it will be $90,000,000 this year. He will faithfully adhere to the promise of platform of his party assuring protection to our industry to the full extent of the difference between wages at home and abroad. The labor issue may be discussed in the message, as it is recognized that with mutual interests of the country's vast resources of the whole people must prosper or suffer together, the fact, legislation is necessary to attain a tithe of prosperity that can and should be enjoyed by the whole body of employed and employers. The tendency of the best men of the labor element is constantly and tending to escape from the shackles of the combine and to nearer relations to the sanctity of both capital and labor, and there need be no fear that the next Congress would not legislate wisely for the protection of the interests of all.

THE APPROPRIATION BILL.

Congressman Reagan will, for the purpose of compromise on the interstate commerce bill, It will be remembered that he introduced one kind of a bill at first. When the session was called to order he had a new one ready for notice. No agreement has been reached on Reagan's bill provides for equal transportation rates, so that discrimination can never be charged. Sen. Cullom, for the establishment of a commission is to be appointed by the president, so as to decide what is and what is not reasonable charges. These two gentlemen will confer and see if their differences can be settled early in the session, so that some agreement will be reached on which legislation will be based during the early days of the closing session of Congress. Mr. Reagan is a candidate for United States Senator in Texas, and naturally desires to have the advantage which would follow the success of carrying out of the plan for which he has fought so strenuously for the last ten years.

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

What Will be Done During the Present Session—A Surprise for Dakota Democrats.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—(Special.)—One week from to-day Congress begins another session, and already the members are beginning to arrive in the city. Many members of the lower House being here already. It is more than likely that when, at noon next Monday, Speaker Carlisle raps the House to order, there will be a very full attendance.

The appropriations will take up but little time, and the attempt will be made to touch the tariff, as both parties agree that there is too much in it to take hold of it during this session. Most of the time will be devoted to laws relating to labor and finances, inasmuch as it is reported that the request has gone from the White House to somebody in the legislations for the labor troubles of the country, so as to obviate the necessity, or fancied necessity, of calling an extra session of the Fiftieth Congress. Members say there will be ample time at this session to legislate for the laborers, as all are willing to give this precedence, but there is a question as to the best way; no one knows what is wanted. Not a single feasible idea has been advanced in all the demand and talk about an extra session for the workingmen. Mr. Depew seemed to have spoken wisely when he said that the laboring men had a grievance, but they had not the brains to express it. And no one blames the class for that. All are willing to help find the grievance and try to alleviate it; but it is feared that it may take some time to locate it and suggest the remedy. That is why the President does not see the necessity of an extra session.

The appointment of a governor for the territory of Dakota is expected daily, and it is said that it will be a great surprise to the Dakota Democrats. Gov. Pierce has resigned and will become an editor again, and as soon as he does so will be appointed governor of the territory. The Democrats of the territory have been informed that the man has been determined upon and they cannot learn his name. They believe, however, that he is not a resident of the territory. Hence they are very nervous. There is a provision in the new territorial bill, similar to that in the Chicago in 1884, providing that the territorial offices shall be filled by residents of the territory wherein the offices are located. It is understood that Gov. Pierce favors the appointment of a territory man, but he has no voice in the matter.

NATIONAL BANKS.

Suggestions by Comptroller Trenholm—Interesting Statistics.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—The annual report of Hon. Wm. L. Trenholm, comptroller of currency, contains suggestions for the amendment of the National Banking laws in about a dozen instances, including the contingent liability of shareholders, requirements as to reserve, limit on loans to individuals, more thorough examination of banks and their protection against unequal state taxation. The specific character of the suggestions is withheld for the present.

Three thousand five hundred and eighty national banks have organized, in all, of which 2,888 are now in operation. Of these 174 have been organized during the past year, with a capital of $21,000,000, circulation $2,900,000. Twenty-four banks went into voluntary liquidation during the year, one ceased to exist by expiration of charter and eight failed.

Since the beginning of the system in 1863, only 112 national banks have failed. Of these 36 have paid their creditors in full, and 28 have paid interest besides, 15 in full and 7 in part.

The effect of the reduction of the public debt and the high premiums on bonds upon the volume of national bank circulation is very fully illustrated in the report. The contraction in national bank circulation during the year exceeds $56,000,000.

The specie held by national banks in 1882 was $76,000,000; in 1883, $67,000,000; in 1884, $67,000,000; in 1885, $67,000,000; in 1886, it was $77,000,000, and is now $100,000,000.

Mr. Trenholm declines to say whether his report contains any specific recommendations in regard to modification of the law making United States bonds the basis of national bank currency, but it is understood at the department that he has presented a strong array of facts and figures showing how valuable the system has become to the entire country, and how important it is that it should be made adaptable to the needs of communities in the South and West, where vast natural resources await development by outside capital.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Heroic Service Performed, by which 24 Lives Were Saved.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—A magnificent story of daring and skill has come to the Washington office of the Life Saving service. The story is in merging reports of the driest kind, but in these routine statements there is the basis for a thrilling story. It is a tale of shipwreck and saving of life under peculiarly difficult circumstances, one of the greatest feats ever performed by any life-saving crew in the service of the government.

Several days ago two propellers were wrecked off the port of Marquette, in Lake Superior. In a savage storm they were driven on the rocks, over which the breakers pounded furiously. There were no passengers on board, but they were manned by crews of twenty men each. They were making their last trips for the season.

The vessels were wrecked early in the day. There is no life-saving station at Marquette, the nearest being Portage City, 110 miles away. The storm was one of the bleakest and wildest, equaling in lowness of temperature and force of wind later in mid-winter. The water of this lake is extremely cold even in mid-summer. The people of Marquette turned out in great excitement when they saw these vessels driven up on the rocks within three miles of the town. The propellers did not break at once, but they had become locked, but from the fury of the waves and the storm it was evident that they could last but a short time. The citizens made frantic endeavors to go to the rescue of the two crews, who appealed to them through signals of distress. But there was no boat on the Marquette that could live in the waves then beating over there.

After a number of efforts to communicate with the wrecked vessels, the people despaired of reaching them, and stood watching, expecting every moment that they would give way. The president of the Marquette, Ontanagon & Portage City railroad, which runs between Marquette and Portage City, came to the rescue at the last moment, dashed to the telegraph office, and notified Portage City to clear the track of all trains.

Then he called for the superintendent of the life-saving station at that point. He said to him: "I place at your disposal a locomotive and a car for your life boat. The track is clear ahead of you. Come on as soon as you can get your men and boat ready. Twenty four lives are hanging upon the promptness of your action."

The superintendent was as energetic and plucky a man as is known to the service. The pair of horses belonging to the station were quickly harnessed to the wagon, and the life-boat placed thereon. The crew then entered the boat, and it was desperately driven to the railroad station. In the briefest possible time a box-car was run down to the station, and the life-boat and the crew were placed upon it. The engineer, who had received another dispatch from the president of the road, by this time to hurry to the full top of his speed, pulled the throttle of the engine wide open, and the special train dashed away on its errand of mercy at a frightful speed. The record made by the office of the time made by this fast-flying train, beyond the fact that it was the swiftest ever made by a life-saving crew from any station to a distant point. It was also the longest distance ever travelled by such a crew for such a purpose.

The story ends abruptly in a brief chapter, which states that the crew arrived at the Marquette before the wrecked vessels had given way, and that the captain and his crew saved every one of the 24 men who had given up absolutely all hope, and would have been drowned within the next hour if it had not been for the action of the railroad president and the skill and courage of the crew.

THE CAPTURED INDIANS.

Pres. Cleveland Decides that Life Imprisonment Is the Proper Thing.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The fate of the Indians captured in the Miles campaign is practically settled. It was not decided when they were first sent east whether any of them would be tried for their crimes or not. The President has examined the case very carefully, and has come to the conclusion that life confinement for all of the Indians in Florida, where they can do no harm, will be the most thorough punishment which can be visited on them. It is the only practical way by which they can be punished. If the criminals among them were to be singled out, no military commission would have any authority to try them. They would have to be turned over to the civil authorities in the place where the crimes were committed.

It would be a travesty on justice to have these Indians tried in Arizona or New Mexico. There is not a white man in either one of these territories who could sit in a case involving the rights of an Indian with any kind of fairness. The conviction of the criminals would leave their families untouched. Those old families would train up children to revenge the deaths of those who were punished, and the result would be a continuation of the Indian war which for years has made life and property so insecure in the two territories. The removal of the Indians to Florida takes away nearly all the families, and leaves no stock to breed robbers and assassins for the future.

As a matter of fact, the 500 Indians transferred to Florida have been sentenced to a lingering death. They have been brought up in the mountain countries, accustomed to freedom in the pure, cold air of high altitudes. Their transfer to and confinement in the warm climate of Florida will simply result in their dying off like so many sheep. Experienced army officers do not think that there will be one of them alive at the end of the next five years.

Pres. Cleveland and the District Government.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—It is rumored that the President will sell his new home in the suburbs to avoid a still greater scandal that is no pervading affairs connected with the government of the District of Columbia. He has been urged to do this by his friend and former law partner, W. S. Bissell, of Buffalo. Things are not as they should be in the District, and that is the head of government which is being worked in the interest of a lot of real estate speculators, and if the present House were Republican instead of Democratic, there is no doubt that an investigation would be ordered without delay upon the responsibility of Congress. If the President is not a party to this sort of business, and would save his own good name, he will have to speedily turn out of office the men who have been appointed to office under the present administration, for they are surely drawing the immediate attention of the country to which it will be difficult to crawl. The proposed extension of Massachusetts avenue, the police scandals, and the relation which prominent district officials bear to a number of real estate men interested in the schemes, points to a coalition among them all to secure plunder and profit. Marshal Wilson, who has been the President's chief adviser in the whole matter, has just summoned a jury to condemn property for the right of way of the proposed avenue extension, and a number of the members of this jury are personally interested in the project.

Discriminating Against American Labor.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—It is understood that Sec. Whitney will renew his recommendation of last year that he be allowed to purchase armor-plates and steel forgings from foreign manufacturers. The evident leaning of Mr. Whitney in the matter of building up the navy to purchasers of armor-plate at the lowest figure, for the purpose was to win over Democratic opposition to Dakota by conceding Washington Territory's claim to admission at the same time. Dakota is overwhelmingly Republican, while Washington, it was believed could eventually be wrested from the Democrats.

Acting on this belief, the Republican Senate passed bills admitting both Dakota and Washington. The state of Washington would send two Democratic Senators here at once. The Senate bills admitting both are now on the House calendar. A Democratic House would only follow precedents in taking a party advantage of the situation by passing Washington bill in the coming short session and find a pretext to leave that of Dakota on the calender. The territory which the Republican shrewdness reckoned on as at least debatable ground has been carried for the Democrats and Dele-Voorhees by an increased majority.

The machinery necessary for forming the state government and electing the United States Senators can be put into operation very soon. By the time the next Congress meets two Democratic senators from the state of Washington can be in the city of Washington ready to vote with their party. The Senate would then stand Democrats 39, Republicans 39—that is if Riddleberger and VanWyck can be kept in the Republican line."

MANNING'S DISGRACE.

The State Department Not Surprised at Manning's Conduct.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—The report of the alleged misdoings of Minister Manning at the City of Mexico was not received at the State department with any degree of surprise, though it keenly felt the responsibility for his appointment and the disgrace he has brought upon the service, and particularly upon the secretary of State, whose friend he has long been.

At the time of Judge Manning's appointment it was whispered among his most intimate friends that while on the bench in Louisiana he was in the habit of becoming too convivial, and often was unable to hold court for days. Since his appointment it is a well known fact here that while at White Sulphur Springs the day after Sec. Bayard notified him of his appointment the Minister became very much intoxicated, and while in this condition left for New Orleans.

During the journey he became so unruly that the conductor of the train threatened to put him off at some obscure station. This, as told by a prominent member of the Louisiana delegation in Congress, would have been done had not a friend of the minister interfered and prevailed upon the conductor, on account of Mr Manning's high position to do nothing that would be made public topic.

After he reached New Orleans it was some days before he was seen upon the streets, so extended was his carouse. Assistant Secretary of State Porter was asked to-night what the department knew of the alleged escapade of the minister. He replied that it had received official information upon the subject and was inclined to discredit the newspaper reports.

When spoken to regarding Manning's conduct at White Sulphur Springs, and on the train en route to New Orleans, the assistant secretary said that the whole matter was known at the department, to which it had been communicated a few days after it had happened.

From the best information gathered it seems that Manning was recommended to Mr. Bayare by Sen. Gibson, of Louisiana. Manning is a brilliant conversationalist, a lawyer of fine attainments and in every way a high-toned Southern gentleman. Mr. Bayard took a great fancy to him, and upon the recommendation of Sen Gibson he was chosen the successor of Henry R. Jackson. Mr. Bayard deeply regrets the affair, and should have been cause for so great a scandal but hopes the reports will turn out to have been greatly exaggerated.

Snivel Service.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—Ex-U. S. Attorney Stone, of Pennsylvania, who was removed at the same time with Mr. Benton, of Missouri, has written to the attorney general, making similar claims to Mr. Benton. He was at no time so far from his office that he could not return in less than a day, and worked in the campaign on all sides of his office without neglecting his official duties and had his assistant present for duty, and so on for quantity after the model of Benton's letter. The only difference is that Stone is a Republican and Benton a Democrat, and there were no senators like Vest and Cockrill to threaten. There is little expectancy that the President will restore Mr. Stone, though there are none of his supporters who do not see the awkwardness of refusing to do it.

Stone's Case.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—Dist Atty. Stone, of Pennsylvania, having been suspended at the same time and under the same circumstances surrounding the case of Benton, of Missouri, made application for reinstatement citing Benton's case as a precedent. Stone is a Republican and Benton a Democrat. The President has replied to Stone at considerable length, refusing his request, and Atty. Gen. Garland writes Mr. Stone as follows: "I am directed by the President to say to you, that after consideration of your letter of the 18th inst., he will not revoke or change the order heretofore made suspending you as district attorney for the western district of Pennsylvania."

The Public Debt—A Counterfeit Note.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Owing to the heavy payments this month, amounting to over $12,000,000, it is thought at the treasury there has been very little if any decrease in the public debt for November.

Officers of the secret service recently seized a fac simile painting of a $5 United States note, being a violation of the statutes against counterfeiting. The painting was on a block, and so well done, that it looked as though the note was lying on the wood and could easily be removed. The chief of the secret service division thought the painting should be destroyed. The artist, however, protested against this as unjust. He represented that the painting was a work of art, and was worth about $500. Some of the treasury officials are of the opinion that the artist is right. The question has been referred to the solicitor of the treasury. It is understood that a number of these paintings are in existence.

THE UNITED LABOR PARTY.

Knights of Labor and Trades Unions Organizing for Political Action.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—The committee of 21 of the United Labor party met night last and issued a call for the election of delegates to form the permanent organization of the United Labor party. Explicit instructions are given in the call for the election of the delegates. The members in good standing of a Knights of Labor assembly or trade union may be organized for political action and each is required to take the following pledge:

"I, ——, hereby declare that I have ceased to be a member of the Republican or Democratic party, believing that said party organizations to be irretrievably corrupt, and their continued existence is a menace to liberty, and declare my belief in the necessity for the political organization of the United Labor party, and hereby freely offer to that party and its nominees my cordial aid and suport; that I recommend and cheerfully submit to the constituted authority of the United Labor party, to whom I have intrusted its safety and existence, and that a failure on my part to abide by their decisions after election will work my expulsion from the organization without further proceedings."

The instructions for the details of the organization are very full, and each organization is required to sent to the financial secretary of the committee of twenty-one full particulars as to organization effected, officers elected, and complete list of members. No person will be accepted as a delegate who holds office under the city, county, state, or national government. Only one delegate is allowed to each organization, and only one political body for each regular organization per district.

A Flood Caused by an Earthquake Shock.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 30.—The new dam which has just been finished at the Langley cotton mills, on the line of the Charlotte & Augusta railroad, gave way yesterday afternoon, and it is again almost a complete wreck. The water rushed through in a flood from the pond, swept away a half mile of the track of the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta railway, and badly damaged the tracks of the South Carolina railway. All the new and expensive work recently completed on the former road is totally ruined, and it will be at least a week before the damage can be repaired. The accident is ascribed to a violent shock of earthquake, which is reported to have been felt in that locality Sunday night. It is believed that this shock was sufficiently strong to shake away the foundations and cause the structure to break loose. The waters flooded all the adjacent country, and did much damage.

Important Decision Under the Iowa Liquor Law.

DUBUQUE, Nov. 27.—An important decision in a liquor case was rendered here yesterday by Judge Shiras, of the United States district court. It was the case of Sheer vs. Gross Brothers, who conducted a retail saloon in connection with their brewery in Chickasaw county. On a motion to remand to the state court on the ground that no federal question was involved, the judge decided that a federal question was involved, and that the case would have to remain in the United States court. This means, if Judge Shiras is upheld by the United States supreme court, that saloon-keepers and brewers can not be deprived of their property without just compensation.

A COAL COMBINATION.

Two Gigantic Pools Formed—The Price of Soft Coal Advanced 60 Cents a Ton, to Begin With—A Monopoly that Will Virtually Control the Market Everywhere.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The *Herald*, this morning, prints the following: There is to be an advance of from 25 to 30 per cent. in the cost of bituminous coal. The price is to be put at a higher figure than it has reached in over three years.

Two great combinations have been formed to control the entire soft coal output of the country. They have put on the screws as cast iron, and rules as rigid as cast iron, and they have sent forth the edict, "higher prices." And they have not only advanced prices, but they will say how much coal shall be mined, who shall mine it, what railroad shall carry it, and in what quantities and what the freight charges are to be. Every railroad and every manufacturer in the country will be affected by this gigantic scheme, meaning, as it does, an advance of 60 cents per ton in the price of all the soft coal hereafter to be used in every furnace and engine in the United States.

There are to be two new pools, controling the soft coal production. One, the Ohio pool, has just been formed. It will direct absolutely the output from the great coal fields of Ohio. The syndicate consists of the four coal carrying railroads which control the transportation from that section—the Hocking Valley, the Wheeling & Lake Erie, the Toledo & Ohio Central, and the Pan Handle division of the Pennsylvania system.

These four companies are named in the order of their importance as coal carriers. Being in a position to dictate, they called the big coal operators together last week and formed a combination. The railroads advanced freight rates on coal about 25 per cent., and said to the operators:

"You must put up your prices 30 cents a ton all around at once. Later, by about January 1, you must advance another 30 cents. Then we will stop and consider whether summers will stand a further raise. You must also restrict your mining so as not to overstock the market. We will carry so much coal for you, and no more."

Each of the four companies have fixed upon the amount of coal which it estimates the market will stand, and the operators along the Ohio have been notified that they must agree among themselves as to the relative percentages of the total allotment allowed by the companies, for so strict have the railroads been in fixing the allotments and amounts which each operator can be permitted to mine, that operators have been notified that they cannot even sell by exhibiting their order books and their contracts. The headquarters of the Ohio pool is in Columbus, O. All the details of the programme have been arranged, and the first advance of 30 cents per ton has already been made.

The other soft coal pool is known as the Buffalo pool. It consists of the three railroads, which, like those in Ohio, control all the product which comes to Buffalo for a market—the Rochester & Pittsburg, the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia, and the Erie railroad. They are named in the order of their importance as coal carriers. They bring the yield from the Western Pennsylvania coal fields.

This pool is not so far advanced as the Western pool, and the advances in freights and in the cost of coal have not yet been made. They may be looked for next week. The first advance to the consumer will be 30 cents per ton. This will be followed by a second advance of a like amount before January, according to the statements of one who ought to know. This will be made before January 1, and will afford a pretext for the 60 cents rise in Ohio coal.

HE WANTED TO DIE,

And Took the Brooklyn Bridge Route, but Failed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—A brewery wagon started from the New York entrance at 1:40 p. m. to go over the big bridge to Brooklyn. After the wagon passed the New York pier a bridge policeman noticed something resembling a bundle of coats in the end of the wagon. This bundle assumed an upright position, and turned out to be a man. The man jumped lightly from the vehicle to the roadway, mounted the iron girder that enclosed it, and without hesitating a moment, leaped off. He shot straight down into the river. Officer Ashore was the only one who saw the man leap. He rushed into the roadway and ordered the driver to stop. The driver was surprised at the order and demanded an explanation. On being informed it was explained from his astonishment that he was entirely ignorant of the matter. He was allowed to proceed. The name of the man who made the leap is Wm. Kurz. An eye witness on Dover street pier said to a reporter: "I was looking at the bridge and saw a man get over the railing next to a lamppost outside the New York tower. He clung to the rail for a moment and then let go. He turned two somersaults, and fell on his back in the water. He disappeared at once. Very few people were on the pier at the time, but several hundred gathered in a few moments, and there was great excitement."

Policeman James O'Neil, of the bridge squad, arrived a few minutes later. He took the tug Columbia out to pick up Kurz, but the captain of a steamer had rescued him before the tug reached him. Kurz was in the water five minutes. When picked up he was frothing at the mouth and too exhausted to speak. His face had a yellow look and his eyes were glassy and vacant in expression.

When the lighter reached the wharf, Kurz was placed in an express wagon and taken to the nearest police station, and from there to the Chambers street hospital. At the station he was able to talk. He told the officer in charge that he wanted to commit suicide. He complained a pain in his head and side and began to rave. It is thought that he will recover. When asked his reason for the jump he replied: "I wish I was dead."

LICENSE LAW IN CHICAGO.

A Proposition to License Merchants, Grocers, Etc., and to Fix the Saloon License at $1,000.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—At last night's session of the city council, Alderman Colvin introduced an ordinance, which, he said, would add $1,500,000 a year to the city's revenue. Every year $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 was added to the value of property, but the assessments kept going down. In 1886 the assessment was $20,000,000 less than in 1885. A large addition to the population was expected from the admission of Jefferson, Lake View, and other suburban towns, and there must be additional police and fire protection, sewers, etc. He did not desire to impose a hardship on any particular business. The city was growing at the rate of 50,000 a year, and a larger revenue was needed. No more money was available now than ten or fifteen years ago, when the city had 250,000 less people. At the next meeting he intended to present a resolution asking the legislature to increase the amount by providing for the licensing of other industries than those now licensed under the charter. These were the wholesale and retail merchants, grocers, dry goods men, tobacconists, etc., should not be licensed. He handed in an ordinance amending that in relation to saloons, striking out $500 and making the license $1,000.

Alderman Dixon—I am with you.

Ald. Colvin was willing to suspend the rules and vote on it at once. There must be better bridge facilities, more viaducts, etc., and the only way to get them was to have more revenue. He moved to suspend the rules to pass. The motion was lost—yeas, 20; nays, 14.

Revere, a saloonkeeper, voted in the affirmative. Whelina, Appleton, Muelle, Doerner, and Eisfeldt, saloonkeepers, and R. F. Sheridan, a brewery employe, voted against the motion. The committee was instructed to report next Monday.

Morrison Knows When He Has Enough.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Congressman W. R. Morrison left here yesterday for Washington. He declined to say anything about a contest or investigation, except to declare that he would not contest an election even if he were defeated by a majority of only one. It is known to a number of the friends of Col. Morrison in this city that Speaker Carlisle desires an investigation to be made of the election in Morrison's district. Such an inquiry could be undertaken by resolution of the House, under which a special committee can be created. This can be done without any contest being made by Col. Morrison. The object of such an investigation would be the bearing it might have in the next Presidential campaign. If made it will not be until after the Fiftieth Congress meets. Meantime, Col. Morrison intends to follow the even tenor of his way during the coming session, while at home his name is being considered as that of a candidate for governor.

Went Through the Whirlpool.

NIAGARA FALLS, Nov. 28.—George Haslett and Miss Sadie Allen, of Buffalo, went through the rapids and whirlpool this afternoon in the torpedo-shaped barrel used by Haslett and Potts last summer. They were in the rapids and whirlpool five minutes, and were taken out of the eddy on the Canada side, just below the whirlpool, three-quarters of an hour later, in good condition. Miss Allen is a respectable girl, 18 years old, a petite brunette, and rather pretty.

PERILS OF THE LAKE.

A Heroic Life-Saving Crew Lost—Further Particulars of the Disaster on Lake Michigan—A Battle for Life in the Icy Water—Fireman Danforth's Swim for the Shore.

MANISTEE, Mich., Nov. 30.—A terrible disaster, resulting in the drowning of three members of the Big Point Au Sable life saving crew, the total destruction of a Manistee tug boat, and the possible loss of a schooner and her crew, occurred on Lake Michigan, yesterday morning.

Sunday night, when the wind began to blow a gale from the northwest, the schooner A. J. Dewey, of Manistee, was lying at Pierport, waiting to load lumber for Chicago. The tug A. P. Wright was with her, and when the big seas were driven in shore both were compelled to leave. The tug got a line from the schooner and started to tow her to Manistee for shelter, but the gale kept increasing in violence, and the vessel labored so heavily that she gave a sudden lurch and the strain on the hawser caused it to part. The tug was swept into the wheel of the tug, rendering her helpless, and the schooner lost sight of in the blinding snow storm.

About 3 o'clock, after tossing about in the furious seas for two hours, the tug was struck and rolled over on her side. Then came the battle for life. The crew consisted of five men and officers: Captain, Simon Johnson; engineer, Thos. Vaughan; fireman, Henry Danforth; fireman, August Hegerson; steward, Harry Darrell.

The men clung to the wreck as best they could, urging each other to be brave and not give up in despair, and at one time, when young Darrell was about to relax his hold, the engineer put his arm around him and held him up. Freezing seas were sweeping over them, and their clothing became rigid with ice.

After clinging to the wreck for three hours, daylight came, and with it no signs of relief. The men by this time were nearly frozen, and, knowing that they could not hold on much longer, Danforth volunteered to make an effort to reach the shore. His companions begged him not to further imperil his life, but the brave fellow silenced their entreaties, and after divesting himself of his heavy clothing, struck out for shore. He is a powerful swimmer, but his muscles, numbed and iron will were hardly a fair match for the foaming breakers that thundered along the beach. But he fought the battle manfully, and was buoyed up by the feeble cheers of his shipwrecked companions, who eagerly watched the struggling form of the hero as he rose and fell with the waves until he gained the shore.

Stopping but for a moment to salute those who were still on the wreck, Danforth made his way to a farm house, and, after uttering a few words, fell fainting to the floor. He was picked up and kindly cared for, and is now out of danger. The farmer made out that the crew were in distress, and once set off for Manistee. He reached here with his horse reeking with foam, and in a few minutes the life-saving crew were hurrying to the rescue with their beach apparatus. On reaching a point abreast of the wreck, the howitzer was trained into line and a well-directed shot sent the life line over the tug. It was within easy reach of the men, and they hauled the hawser aboard and made it fast.

The breeches-buoy was then sent out, and the first to come ashore was young Darrell, who is only a boy. The hawser had not been made taut yet, and the shock dismantled the buoy to say through the surf. Darrell was insensible when he was pulled ashore, but is now recovering. The others were safely taken from the wreck, one at a time, Capt. Johnson being the last. It was almost noon when the work of saving human life was over.

In the meantime another thrilling scene was being enacted sixteen miles south of here. About 8 o'clock the Dewey, having been driven before the gale, arrived off Big Point Au Sable, with a flag of distress from her mizzen-rigging. The patrol at the life-saving station located there, sighted the signal, and in a few minutes the entire crew were pulling through the boiling seas. They had covered one half of the distance between the vessel and the shore when the flag was suddenly hauled to the truck of the fore-mast. The Dewey then stood away on her course, and the life saving crew realizing that they had been tricked by a vessel that simply wanted a tug, started to return to their station They had pulled but a short distance when their life-boat struck a bar and was thrown into the sea, and the boat did not right again. Orrin Hatch and John Smith, two surfmen, were drowned. It is thought they must have been struck by the wale of the boat, as both instantly sunk from sight.

Capt. Flynn, who was in command, climbed upon the bottom of the boat with the aid of Surfman Judson. He appeared to be injured, and was gasping as if in great agony. The rest of the crew—Michael King, Matthew York and Thomas Wishart, caught hold of the life lines and held on until the boat was dragged ashore. Capt. Flynn was taken into the station, but was dead. He was formerly stationed at the Manitous, and was transferred to Big Point, Au Sable, last spring. He leaves a wife and two small children. Orrin Hatch was a resident of Ludington, Mich., where he leaves a wife. John Smith was single. His relatives live at St. Joseph, Mich., which was at one time the home of Capt. Flynn.

SPEAKER CARLISLE'S SEAT.

Notice of Contest Served—Grounds of the Contest Stated.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 30.—The grounds for the contest of Speaker Carlisle's seat in the Fiftieth Congress have been prepared, and were signed last night by George H. Thobe, the contestant. The allegations are numerous, and it requires 45 pages of legal cap paper to recite them all.

The petition starts out by alleging that there were cast for Mr. Thobe 1,000 legal votes in the Sixth Congressional district of Kentucky, which, by misconduct, fraud, or by fraud and collusions of election officers of various precincts and voting places and county canvassing boards, were not counted and returned for Mr. Thobe. It is charged that the poll books and returns of Trimble county were all in violation of the law, and were opened within less than three days after said election; that the vote as returned was 376 for Carlisle and three for Thobe, and he objects to the county being counted.

That the ballot boxes of Trimble county were in the custody of the county clerk of said county, and were unlocked, unsealed, and exposed, and liable to be tampered with by said clerk or by any evil disposed person. Objection is made to Grant and Gallatin counties, in which all sorts of frauds are alleged.

In the county of Carroll, which was returned as being 425 to 275 in favor of Mr. Carlisle, many irregularities are alleged. It is claimed that in many of the precincts throughout the district all of the election officers were Democrats, which is in direct violation of the law.

In the county of Menton, Mr. Carlisle's old home, a number of irregularities are set forth. A copy of the petition was given to Mr. Carlisle last night; also a copy of the notice of contest.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

To Mrs. Garfield's Home Sent to the Poor House.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 29.—Since last August Mrs. Garfield has been greatly annoyed at her country home in Mentor by the receipt of letters of advice, etc., from a person signing himself S. A. Bodde. Some time ago a man went to the house, coolly walked into the hallway, and inquired for Mrs. Garfield or her daughter Mollie. The servant asked him his name and business, and he presented a card bearing the name of the letter writer. The fellow was persuaded to leave the house, and upon going he promised to write no more letters. As he went, however, he turned and cursed all the members of the household.

For some time no letters were received, but recently the fellow began writing again. Yesterday he once more appeared at the Garfield farmhouse, and being refused permission to see Mrs. Garfield, he swore as before. He was followed from the house and later placed under arrest at Painesville. Bodde is 38 years old and a native of Holland. He formerly lived at Fort Wayne, Ind. After an inquest in lunacy the judge decided that Bodde was not of sufficiently unsound mind as to warrant his incarceration in an asylum. He was therefore sent to the county poor house for safe keeping.

The Dow Law Cases.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 30.—On next Friday will be heard the combined arguments in the Dow law liquor cases, before the Supreme court. The importance of these cases can well be understood, and the necessity of an early settlement is apparent. Said Friday there will be an array of legal talent present from all over the state. Hon. John F. Follett and Hon. I. N. Jordon, and Hon. Thomas McDougall, of Cincinnati, and Hon. W. B. Earnhardt, of this city, will participate in the arguments.

A Riot in Massachusetts.

SALEM, Mass., Nov. 26.—There was considerable rioting by the striking tanners in this city yesterday. They pursued and beat unmercifully a number of non-union men, and wrecked a street car. One of their number was severely wounded by a pistol shot fired by one of their victims. A large body of police were required to quell the disturbance.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WOE FOR IRELAND.

The British Government Preparing to Enforce the Collection of Debts.

DUBLIN, Nov. 26.—The *Irish Times* (Conservative) says the government has resolved to promptly suppress all anti-rent and other illegal combinations, to curtail the license of the press, to forcibly suppress intimidation, to enforce the laws governing the processes for the collection of debts, to proclaim all meetings called for certain purposes, and the arrest of certain prominent agitators of the anti-rent policy.

The *Times* says it is reported that troops have been sent to the different points in the country where action against the anti-rent agitation is imminent.

Mr. John Dillon has been summoned to appear in court on Monday next, and show cause why a criminal information should not be sworn against him for the sentiments he recently expressed in a speech encouraging tenants to follow the example those on the Clanricarde estates, in Galway.

Mr. Dillon, in this speech, advocated a general combination to eviction rather than to pay rents, as the best means for bringing the landlords of Ireland to terms with the occupiers of lands in Ireland. The speech which Mr. Dillon is cited to explain was delivered at Woodford, on October 18.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chief secretary for Ireland, has been busily engaged all day at Dublin Castle conferring with the leading military authorities. The city is excited by rumors of the wildest character relating to the government's intentions.

A great meeting of Nationalists, called to assemble in the suburbs of Irishtown, on Sunday will, it is thought, be prohibited.

The officials of the Irish National League do not appear to be disturbed. They are pursuing their avocations in their ordinary ways, and all of them say they have no idea of what the government has decided to do.

DAVITT AND ROSSA.

Davitt Says Rossa Is a Driveling Idiot, and McDermott a Cowardly Villain.

MONTREAL, Nov. 27.—Michael Davitt said last night, with reference to O'Donovan Rossa's talk and the plot on his life: "I have the greatest contempt for Rossa. He is not a representative of the Irish people, but only of a lot of drunken scoundrels. Rossa is known to be nothing less than a driveling idiot, who is doing much harm to the cause. I will have an opportunity of referring to his character and conduct in New York before I return to Ireland, and I shall do so, but I don't desire to say anything further about it now. I am not a friend of Rossa or any of his faction."

"What about McDermott?"

"He is one of the most infamous men in existence. He was a spy in the pay of the English government, and invented plots and outrages to convict innocent men, and I know he has threatened to shoot me, but my life will never be taken by such a thorough-faced villian."

Henry M. Stanley's Offer.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—Previous to his departure for America, Mr. Henry M. Stanley expressed willingness to undertake command of a non-military expedition from East Africa to Uganda, and tendered for information to be sent to the country to relieve Emin Bey, a German, who, with 3,000 Egyptians was, at last accounts, holding Wadyiy against a hostile chief. Mr. Stanley promised to place his services gratuitously at the disposal of the British government, and without entering upon them any responsibility for the safety of his person. The scheme has been submitted to Lord Iddlesleigh, foreign secretary.

London Scandals.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—MRS. Mildred Adams has instituted an action for slander against her father, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, because of his hints in justifying his conduct towards her husband. Charles W. Adams, that the latter had managed to induce her to assume improper relations with him before marriage in order to secure her hand and fortune.

The German Press Delighted.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—The entire press of Germany express delight over the report of the government's refusal to assume protection of the Russians in Bulgaria on the occasion of Gen. Kaulbar's departure. It is officially denied here that the German consul at Sofia refused to take the Russians remaining in Bulgaria after Gen. Kaulbar's departure under German protection, when requested to do so by the retiring agent. The official denial states that what happened was this: The Russian government asked Germany if the official who remained at Sofia in charge of the Russian consulate might in case of necessity, ask the German consul to protect Russian subjects, and Germany replied, "yes."

The Russian Debt.

BERLIN, Nov. 26.—The *German Gazette*, in an exhaustive editorial on Russia's financial condition, compares it with that of France before the great revolution. The Russian debt is 5,600,000,000 roubles. The paper circulation is 716,000,000 roubles, of which only 170,000,000 is specie covered by bills convertible into currency. The *Gazette* warns Germans to avoid the new Russian loan.

Inter-State Commerce in Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 27.—An important economic reform was formally proclaimed to-day. In fact, a constitutional amendment was submitted to the states forbidding the imposition of transit duties, import duties on products of other states, and on the exportation of merchandise, either manufactured articles or the products of the soil. The amendment also forbids the states to assign routes for the conveyance of goods of native origin, as has been heretofore done, also to put a higher import duty on foreign goods than will be fixed by the federal laws. It is expected that Congress will fix a uniform tax of 5 per cent. advalorem. This amendment having been adopted by a majority of the states, has received the sanction of both chambers of Congress, and was to-day proclaimed in the usual form.

Bulgaria Kicks.

SOFIA, Nov. 26.—The Bulgarian government, replying to the note from the Porte on the subject of Prince Nicholas's election to the throne of Bulgaria, refuses to accept Prince Nicholas as a candidate, and says that Turkey's action in the matter is incompatible with the treaty of Berlin.

Conspiracy to Murder.

SOFIA, Nov. 26.—Another conspiracy against the government has been discovered. Two officers, one of them Russian, organized a plot to kill Col. Nicoalieff, Mayor Poppoff, and the regents. The crime was to have been committed at 5 o'cl